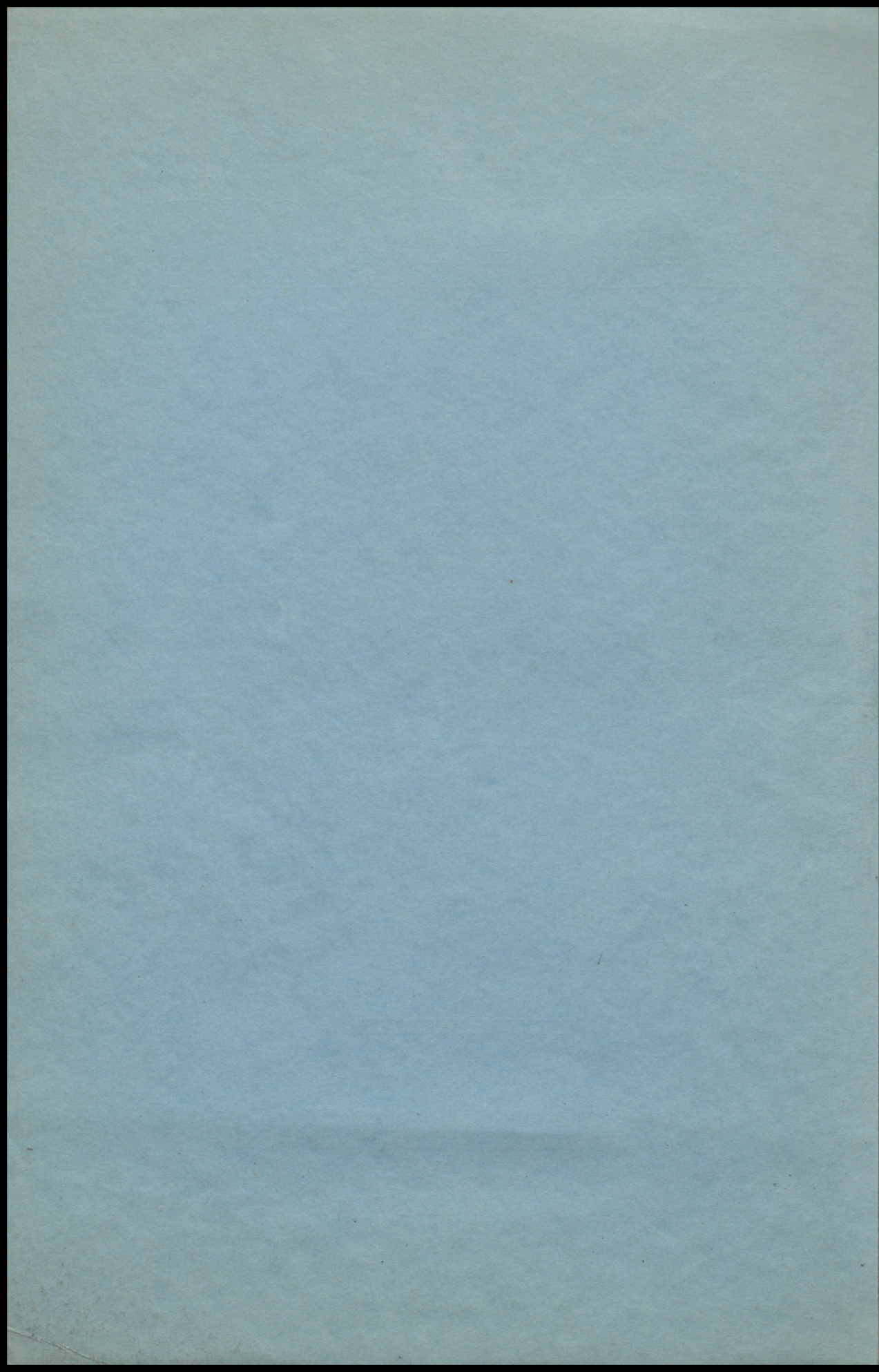


THE TAMARACK.



SENIOR NUMBER

JANUARY
1917



CLASSMATES



CLASS

OFFICERS



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PRESIDENT



BERNADINE LUTHER
SECRETARY



MARGARET MUNN
VICE - PRES.



RUTH STONE
REPORTER



CHARLES ABRAHAM
TREASURER



CLINTON SOHNS
YELL - LEADER

JAN.
1917

Archie Banta

The Tamarack



Senior Number
January, 1917

To the Graduating Class
of
January 1917,
this, the Senior Issue of
"The Tamarack"
is respectfully dedicated, with the sincere wish
that success and happiness
may ever be theirs.



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 A. H. BENEFIEL - Vice-Principal
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The Tamarack

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RUTH STONE



EDWIN HUGHES

CLASS
JAN '17
ORATORS



MARTIN JENSEN



MARGARET MUNN

L. LITTLEMORE.

"Wolf"

Bernadine Luther, Jan. '17.



IT WAS all on account of his name and the scar over his right eye. He really wasn't at all to blame, for how could he help it when the boys named him "Wolf"? He was only a little wooley pup then and names made little difference to him. How could he help getting a scar over his eye? No one should have expected him to sit quietly and let that discourteous mongrel next door chase the little white kitten away from its saucer of milk. He had adopted that kitten; he let it snuggle down between his shaggy paws on cold nights; and he allowed it to eat from his pan of scraps. Of course he had a right to interfere and see that it got a square deal.

Fate, however, was most unkind. The kitten, his one joy in life, had grown up and now spent most of its evenings away from home, serenading on some back fence, while Wolf was left lonely and neglected.

There was something else, though, that rankled in his mind, even more than the kitten's disloyalty. He had acquired the reputation of being ferocious. He could not understand how it came about. He acknowledged that he had taken part in many combats, but always in a worthy cause. He knew that at heart he was one of the most peace-loving dogs in the world, and though he longed for even the nearest touch of human understanding and sympathy, it was denied him. People looked on him with suspicion, and well they might, for his great hulking form, and his shaggy, grayish-black coat, together with the dis-

reputable scar over his eye, gave him a most ferocious appearance.

Not caring much what happened to him, Wolf shambled disconsolately down to the general store where a crowd of lumbermen were packing their burros with supplies to take up the river. Realizing his lack of popularity, Wolf watched them from a distance. A big corduroy-clad lumberman caught sight of him and exclaimed, "By George, boys! Here's a stray dog. Guess I'll take him along. If I stay up on the claim



*"His great hulking form * * * and the disreputable scar over his eye gave him a most ferocious appearance."*

alone this winter, he'll come in pretty handy."

"You'd better leave 'im alone," drawled one of the men. "I know 'im, an' 'es a devil w'en 'e gets mad."

"I'll try him, anyway," replied the other, and Wolf was given a new start in life.

For several weeks all went well. Wolf and his new master, Ted Harrison, became real pals. Ted understood Wolf, and the best that was in his canine nature responded to the lumberman's kindness. Evenings when the two were alone, Ted would pull Wolf's silky ears and talk to him.

In the daytime Wolf was entrusted with the guardianship of Ted's supplies. Never was a soldier of the Tenth Legion more proud of his charge than was Wolf.

Thus the days passed. Wolf was beginning to forget his unfortunate past, when disquieting things began to happen.

A pet rabbit belonging to "Tango" Petarko, the cook, was found missing one morning. A few hours later the

Again evidences of a struggle and a few feathers were found, and again Jimmie declared he had seen the same slinking form moving along in the early morning fog.

This was most incriminating evidence, and since the description of the culprit applied to Wolf, who was the only dog in the camp, the blame was laid on him.

Wolf was glowered at all that day, and Tango was heard to remark that



"They went in a body to Ted's camp."

enraged Tango found several pieces of fur, a badly chewed rabbit's foot, and evidences of a struggle at the edge of the clearing, where the rabbits' den was located. The roustabout, Jimmie Anderson, testified that he had seen a large, gray-black form slinking along the edge of the clearing about daybreak.

The next morning Bill Hawkins' fighting cocks that roosted in a bush beside the rabbit pen were gone.

he was "layin' low for that thievin' dog." Bill Hawkins' fury was even greater, for the cocks had been his especial pride as well as a source of much amusement for the whole camp.

If Tango and Bill had been allowed their way, Wolf would have been put out of the way without any preliminaries; but the men all knew Ted's fondness for the dog, and were a bit fearful of the consequences. It behooved them to use diplomacy. So, instead

of executing the unfortunate dog on the spot, they went in a body to Ted's camp and laid their charges before him.

Wolf heard the accusations against him and though his partner defended him loyally, it was no use. The best Ted could do was to exact a promise from the men that Wolf should have one more chance.

That night Ted talked to Wolf longer than usual, and patted his head more affectionately. Wolf responded by licking the lumberman's hands and looking into his face with wistful eyes.

The next morning there was a great hubbub in the camp. The lumbermen, headed by Tango and Bill Hawkins, came rushing to Ted's tent. Not only had Tango's other rabbit been killed and eaten, but little Janet Marr, the superintendent's daughter, had found her tame fawn lying dead in a pool of blood with its shoulder eaten entirely away.

This was the last straw, and Wolf's death sentence was pronounced. His accusers took a rifle and were preparing to take him on his final trip into the woods, when some one discovered that he was missing. In vain did Tango whistle to him. In vain did Bill Hawkins search tents and cabins, Wolf was gone.

Just then Tim Bedlow, a sheep herder from the Gulch, came up with Wolf at his heels, hobbling along on three feet, the fourth hanging limp and bleeding.

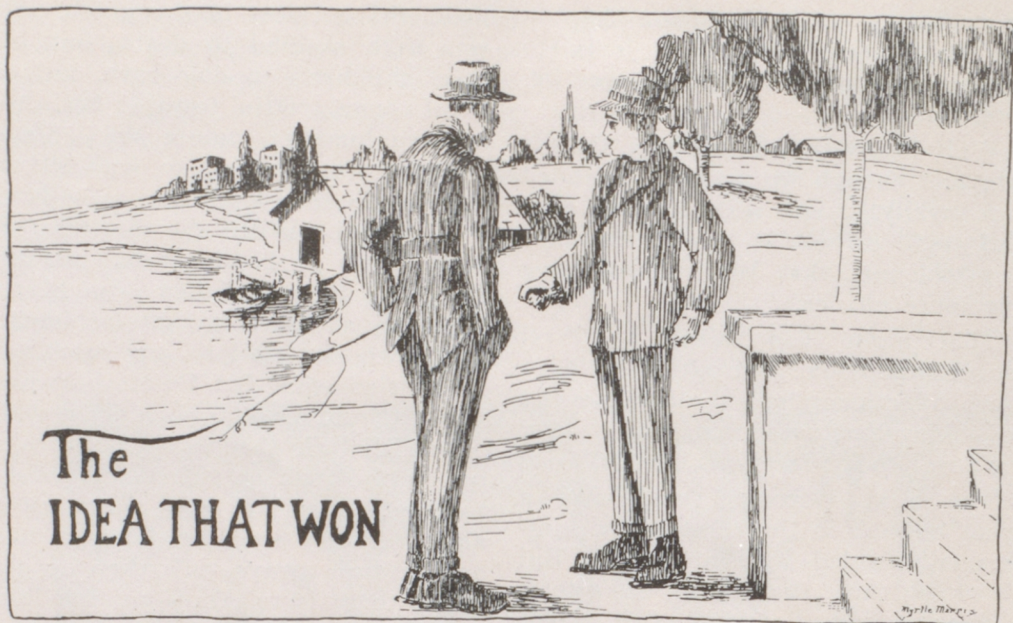
The men stood gazing first at the dog, then at Tim, as he exclaimed excitedly, "Well, I 'low you wanted to kill this yere dog, but you're not agoin' to. Last night after dark, my

little girl got lost in the gulch. She was nigh skeered to death, but just then she hears a dog bark, an' ole Wolf comes trottin' towards her. She knowed him the minute she set eyes on him, for he used to wait at the head of the trail for her to come home from school. When she saw him, she says, 'Let's go home, Wolf,' just like she used to when they was playin' together, an' sure 'nough he fetched her down the trail to our cabin.

"This mornin' Jed Peters borrowed him to hunt that timber lynx that's been killin' his sheep. So when Wolf got on the trail, he put his nose down to the ground an' just went tearin' along. Pretty soon Jed hears a noise up the trail aways, an' when he gets there, there is ol' Wolf an' the lynx, tearin' at each other like mad. Jed got the lynx with his rifle, an' then he sees its head is all covered with blood. Wolf had chewed him up some and Wolf's foot was bit, but not enough to lay him out. Then Jed knowed it weren't Wolf, but the lynx that killed your rabbits an' roosters an' pet fawn. It was that there lynx, an' I can prove it by Jed Peters, an' ef any of you have anything to remark, you'd better say it now," he finished wrathfully.

That night, when the silence and mystery of the timber lands was broken only by the call of a belated whip-poor-will, the great cedars standing out dark and tall like sentinels, witnessed a man sitting in front of a dying campfire, while beside him lay a dog with a bandaged foot. The fire, playing on the bronzed face of the man, made him look strangely happy, and the dog—well, only Wolf can tell you about that.





Clinton Sohns, Jan. '17.



IMMIE TYSON, crew coach of Crawford College, was "barking" at his 'varsity eight because of the poor showing they had just made during a short practice. They had dragged

over the four-mile course in a time-trial about ten seconds slower than they should have made. After sending the men back to the bathhouse, Tyson called Johnny Durant, the 'varsity manager, aside. Durant himself was no expert, but he realized that there was something radically wrong with the crew. He knew just what Tyson was going to say to him, and he was prepared.

The question, "Well, what do you think is the trouble?" was just what he expected.

"I'll tell you, Jim," he answered. "I think the whole trouble lies with Fenwick, the stroke. He's gone stale. Here it is just three days before the

race. What we're going to do is more than I know."

"You're right," said Tyson. "Fenwick is the cause of the whole business, and yet you know as well as I do that there is no one who can step in now and take his place."

Fenwick had "stroked" the crew for three years. He first came out for practice when he was a Freshman and a verdant green. Through hard, grinding work he had advanced until, during the past year, he had been acclaimed nothing short of a wonder. He realized, however, as well as the rest of the men, that he had not been showing up well during the last few practices, and his falling from form bothered him.

The night before the big annual regatta, the whole town was wild with enthusiasm. The buildings all over the city were decked with college colors, and throngs of college men marched through the down-town streets, giving yells and cheering for their teams.

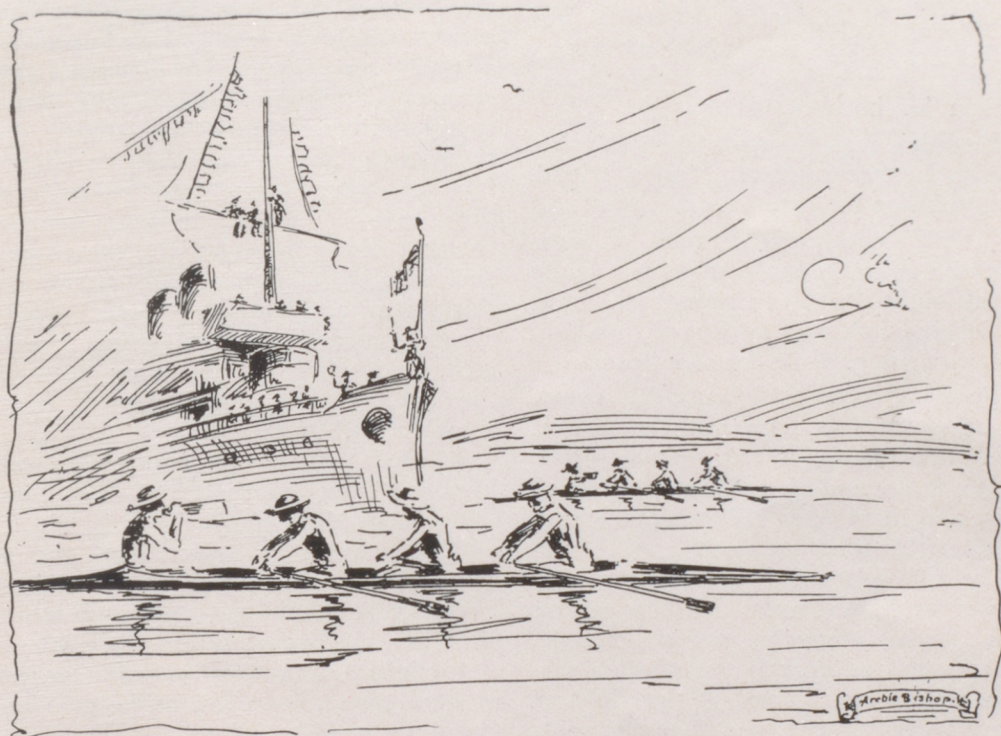
At eight o'clock all of the Crawford men went to the Odd Fellows' Hall. The purpose of this meeting was to arouse interest in the regatta. Johnny Durant was the principal speaker, and as he rose every man in the room felt as though something of very great importance was going to be said.

"Now, fellows," he began, "this race is up to you. Those crew-men have worked practically every night for the last five months. They are good, and

last, and all the time. Show the fellows you're right there and ready to help them. That's all."

There was perfect silence for a moment. Then, as if moved by a common impulse, every fellow jumped to his feet and gave nine "rahs" for Durant. The manager's words had gone home.

When the meeting was over and the men were leaving the hall, a young fellow called Durant off to one



"The shells * * * started on their four-mile grind."

they've got the winning spirit. There's one thing, though, that they can't fight off, and that is staleness. It's mighty hard to work with a man for five months, getting him trained just up to the right point and then hold him there until the critical moment. Those boys are going to put all they have in them into that race, but you people have got to help them. You know what I mean by that. Yell, first,

side and started to unfold a plan to him which he thought might help the crew to win. Johnny listened intently and seemed very much pleased with the idea. He rushed away to tell the coach. Tyson also showed great interest in the plan, and decided to try it.

The two men went directly to Durant's room, which was next to Fenwick's. They waited until they heard

Fenwick enter his room and were sure that he was there to stay. Then they began to talk, at first in low whispers, gradually raising their voices until they were sure that the occupant of the next room could hear them.

"So you've got money up on this race, have you?" asked Tyson.

"Yes, I have," replied the manager, "but I wish now that I hadn't, since the crew is in such bad shape. Think what would happen if we lose! We couldn't possibly replace the money by to-morrow evening. It would mean prison for both of us."

Fenwick was in a cold sweat. Jim Tyson he regarded as a good friend, but Johnny he loved as a chum.

"Well," continued Tyson, "if Fenwick hadn't gone stale on us we would be all right, but I guess we will have to let it come out as it will, and, in the meantime, hope for the best."

Fenwick pictured Johnny, his chum, in prison stripes. He realized that it was he alone upon whom the whole outcome depended, and he determined then and there to save his friends from this terrible disgrace.

By two o'clock the following day the river banks were lined on either side with intensely excited people. They watched eagerly for the appearance of the shells, and at the sight of them a great cheer rose from the root-

ers. Soon the shells were lined up, and at the crack of the pistol they started on their four-mile grind. Crawford started well, and took the lead with Severn close behind. For a quarter of a mile the two shells pulled away from the others at a rapid pace. At the quarter-mile post Crawford dropped back a few feet and Severn took the lead. At the three-mile post Crawford was in fourth place. Fenwick saw Durant and Tyson in their launch not far away watching him. He knew he must do something. He increased the stroke to thirty-two, and at the three and a half mile post had pulled up to second place. From then on Crawford and Severn fought for every inch they made. Once more Fenwick thought of the manager and the coach, and then he increased the stroke to thirty-four and passed Severn. They fought on and on, contesting every inch, and when at last they crossed the line, Crawford was half a boat length ahead of Severn!

At the bath house Durant helped Fenwick from the shell and drew him aside from the others.

"Old man," he said, "I've got a confession to make to you. We didn't have a cent on the race, but you were stale and we had to make you go."

A light of understanding danced in Fenwick's tired eyes, as he gripped Jimmie's hand.

Leaving North Central

*We've learned to love North Central;
We've been here long, you know.
We now have our diplomas,
But we sort o' hate to go.*

*We'll not forget our high school;
The mem'ry clings and, though
We're glad we have our credits,
We sort o' hate to go.*

—Bernadine Luther.

The Story of Vic Hory

Martha Mallory, Jan. '17.



VIC HORY had been on another "jag", as the sound of his furious driving, accompanied by a merry song in a throaty tenor, testified. Pedro Andreole, his partner in the big cattle ranch at Lost Creek, heard the sound and left the cabin where he had been waiting for the little Frenchman and advanced to meet him. Hory drew up the sweating horses with an oath, and climbed down from the wagon unsteadily.

"You d—— little cus, here's where we quit! I've put up with these sprees of yours just one too many times. I'm through! You get ready to settle up in a hurry! See?" The big cattleman towered above his little drunken partner as he wrathfully delivered his ultimatum, and turned to go back to the cabin where they had "bached" together for many years.

"By heaven, you queet if you want to! I'm d—— seeek of you, too, you beeg—beeg—vat you call?—one son-of-a-gun! I'll keel you some day, you—you—" shrieked Hory, choking in a drunken rage.

And quit they did. Pedro Andreole, recognizing his own ignorance in business matters, and knowing of the justice and wisdom of Israel Gibbs, a farmer in the valley, asked Gibbs to be his adviser. Vic Hory preferred to look after his own interests, but consented to the arrangements made by his former partner. After much quibbling over the division of the land on the part of the little Frenchman, who boasted that he

couldn't be "skinned" in a bargain, a settlement was effected.

Two years passed, during which all three lived peaceably in their respective cabins in the valley. Hory still enjoyed his periodic sprees. After a week of drunkenness, a great melancholy would fall upon him and he would brood for days over his many troubles and the fancied wrongs imposed upon him by his neighbors. His chief regret at these times was the possibility that Andreole had perhaps got the better of the bargain through his forethought in engaging Gibbs as his adviser. The idea grew and grew, until it became an obsession as the periods of intoxication increased in frequency.

"I keel dose men sometime," he would often mutter as he went about his work. "I keel dat Gibbs man wit dis," and he picked up a heavy pine club, swinging it over his head. "I keel dat d—— son-of-a-gun, dat Andreole wit dis! I tink he hold da lead dat dis leetle feller here can," and he would lovingly pat the handle of his six-shooter.

One Thursday afternoon, in the fall of '76, Israel Gibbs attended an auction sale held at the Circle C Ranch. All the stock put up for sale was mediocre, and he was about to leave, when he caught sight of a beautiful roan horse being led to the auction block. At the same time, he saw Vic Hory. The wicked eyes of the little drunkard were shifting from him to the stallion and back again.

"I wonder if that Frenchman is going to bid on that stallion," thought Gibbs. "He looks as if he thinks I will, and, by George, I believe I will. The roan looks like a pretty valuable

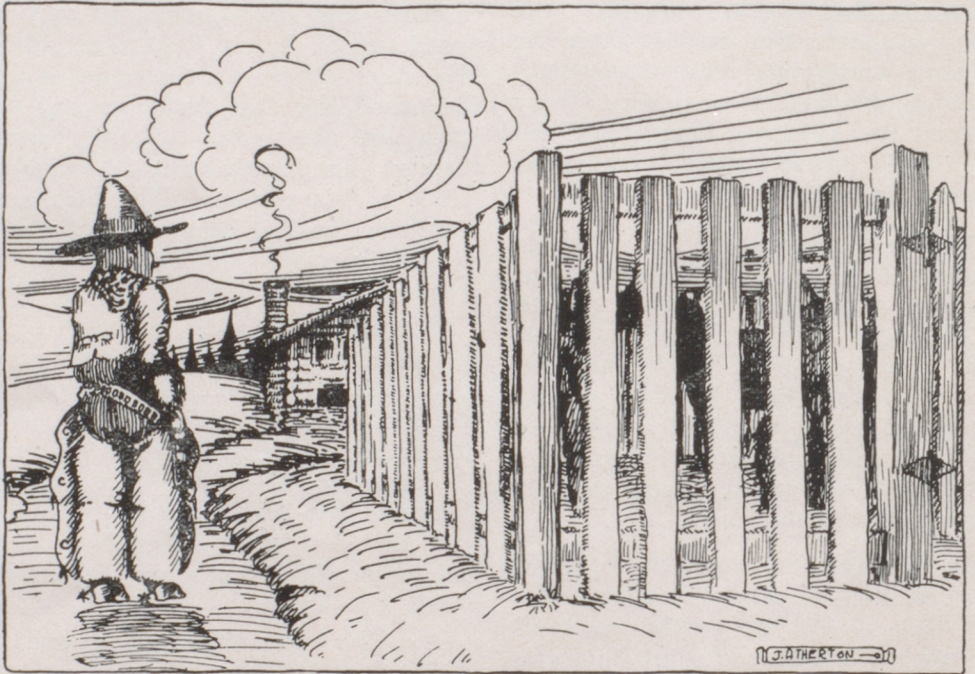
animal." He moved around to where the men were working out the horse and stood watching them, his hands in his pockets.

"D—— dat Gibbs! I tink I get that horse. Bid vat you like, you beeg—beeg—d—— fool!" Vic muttered, glad of a chance to bring things to an issue.

"Strawberry Jim—sire, Red Racer; thoroughbred Belgian; dam, Jane Grey; best in Dan Carew's stables. Gentlemen, this is one of the finest,

hear? Gentlemen, will you let this magnificent animal go at this sacrifice price? Going—I say going. Once more I say FAIR WARNING. GONE! To Mr. Israel Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs, I congratulate you! You have purchased a very fine animal."

More than pleased with his purchase, Mr. Gibbs led the horse home and incidentally discovered that he had purchased a very high spirited animal. Hory left the Circle C and went to Deer Lodge, where he in-



"The sight was too much for his whiskey-maddened brain."

if not the finest animal I have ever had the pleasure of offering for sale. This is your opportunity, gentlemen. What am I offered? Two hundred, Mr. Hory. Any others? Two-fifty, Mr. Gibbs. Three hundred, Mr. Hory. Three-fifty, Mr. Gibbs. Four, Mr. Hory. Going—going—fair warning. What do I hear? Any others? Yes—five hundred, Mr. Hory. Any others? Five hundred—and—fifty, Mr. Gibbs. Fair warning. What do I

dulged in a "jag" which made even the old-timers shake their heads and talk in whispers of the outcome.

The next week Hory returned home. On the way he saw Gibbs and Andreole leading the horse around the corral and commenting on his fine points. This sight was too much for his whiskey-maddened brain. He turned in at the road under the hill and out of sight of the two men. As he passed, he heard Gibbs say

with a laugh, "Sure, I'll tie him tight. I don't calculate to lose such an animal in the oats, Andreole. Pete ain't so careful as I be, but I'll keep a watch over Strawberry myself. I don't trust this horse to any hired man. No, siree!"

Hory chuckled as he slipped his six-shooter in his belt and grasped the heavy pine club. "Now I feex 'em," he said, and started down the road toward the Gibbs stable. When he arrived, he found everything as he had expected. The stable doors were closed and bolted from the outside. He could hear the horse as he ate the hay just thrown in the manger. In the cabin he saw a light and shadows shifting about, as Gibbs and his hired man prepared their evening meal. Slipping back the bolts, Hory stepped into the stable. It was dark and he could scarcely see. He waited until eyes became accustomed to the dim light. There was the oats box. The horse was securely tied. He grasped his club tightly with one hand, while with the other he rattled the oats and thumped on the box. Would Gibbs hear him? He waited.

Inside the cabin both men stopped their work and listened. "Ha! ha! Gibbs, I guess you ain't no better than I be when it comes to tying that fine horse o' yourn," laughed Pete, as the noise in the barn stopped for a second and then started again.

"Well, that's mighty darn perculiar. I tied that horse and I tied him tight, so I did," Gibbs answered.

"Best go see. It don't sound much like it. You don't want to lose him now, Gibbs," said Pete a bit anxiously.

Gibbs closed the door with a bang. "This is provoking. How under the sun did he get untied? Was he tricky? He hadn't ever done it before." All these thoughts passed through his head as he neared the

stable. Suddenly a suspicion crossed his mind. Hory had said something about "keel." He hadn't paid any attention at the time, but surely the Frenchman hadn't meant anything. "He's no kick coming against me. I got the horse fair enough." He reached into his pocket, drew out a match, and struck it on his trouser leg. "Why, those bolts are unfastened! That's funny. I'll step aside when I open that door."

The two men stood facing each other, Hory with his club raised high over his head, as he had intended to strike his enemy as he entered, and Gibbs calmly holding the dying match.

"Come out of there, Hory. What do you want?"

"I show you vat I want." With a shriek of rage, the little fellow threw himself upon his big opponent. The fight was not quite fair. Gibbs had no weapon, but he was large, strong, and cool-headed, while Hory was strong as an ox in his drink-crazed condition and well armed.

Again and again, Hory rushed at his opponent, striking wildly with his club. Again and again Gibbs dodged and ducked, without being able to weaken his little enemy in the least. At last the chance came. Hory raised his club high, hesitated a moment, and rushed. The club fell and grazed Gibbs' cheek, cutting a great gash. The big man had been too quick. He had rushed under the blow, and both men fell to the ground, wrestling and tumbling, as each fought to gain the advantage. The club was out of the game now, but the revolver was too close for comfort. They rolled here and there. Hory after a fierce struggle relinquished his gun, but obtained a strangle hold on the farmer's throat. Slowly his

(Continued on page 82.)

The Orphan

Aimee Lord, Jan. '17.



THE home in which Ruby lived was a large brick building, perhaps the largest in town, with a beautiful green lawn surrounding it on all sides. The gravel paths were unusually clean, and the yard spick and span, as if it were the home of old maids instead of one hundred and fifty little orphans.

These little waifs could not play as other children did. There were no joyous cries, no laughter, and no romping. Everything was quiet and orderly, and their play, if play it could be called, was of the same nature.

Ruby stood near Miss Smith, the only "mother" she could remember. She was lonely, oh, very lonely! That morning a lady had called her a "poor little orphan" and had kissed her.

"Orphan", murmured Ruby, "I wonder what that is." "What is an orphan, Miss Smith?" she asked. "Are they poor and little?"

"Hush, Ruby, don't bother me. Can't you see I'm busy?"

Ruby walked slowly to the window. She watched a well-dressed lady get out of her automobile and come up the walk. Then as Miss Smith answered the door bell, she jumped out of the open window before her and ran out into the yard.

"How do you do, Miss Smith?" said the lady. "Mr. Wilbur and I have decided to adopt a little girl. It is so lonesome since Helen left."

"Come right in, Mrs. Wilbur. I am sure you can find a nice little girl."

The orphans were inspected, but none seemed to suit Mrs. Wilbur. She said she would consider the matter a few days.

As she was getting out of the car in front of her home, she heard some one giggle.

"Why, little girl, where did you come from?" she asked.

"Oh, from the big brick house! I thought you wouldn't care if I took a ride. I'm just a 'poor little orphan'. You don't care, do you?" the little girl asked wistfully.

"No, dear, of course not," replied the lady. "Won't you come in and stay with me for a while?"

"Oh, may I, really?"

"Yes, dear."

Ruby was allowed to roam all through the house, and was told that Miss Smith had granted permission for her to remain all night.

"Oh, goody, goody! May I go to sleep with a dolly?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, with two, if you wish."

Mrs. Wilbur kept Ruby two weeks on trial and then adopted her.

Everything seems like a dream to Ruby now. She can laugh and play as much as she pleases, walk on the grass, go to see the neighbors like any other little girls, and do a hundred other things. She has her own room, her own bed, her own home, and her own, very own, daddy and mamma. But best of all is the knowledge that no one can call her a "poor little orphan" any more.

All That Goes Up Must Come Down

Leon Wheaton, Jan. '17.



IN A FAR EASTERN town, Tom Marine, four-letter man of the university, stroke for the crew, and captain of the eleven, was in a serious quandary.

At the Junior "Prom" the day before, he had seen a charming girl who brought up vague recollections, and he had an uneasy feeling that he had met her before. Besides, without being introduced, she had smiled at him, and greeted him with a familiar, "Hello, Tom."

He did not remember having ever met her before at any of the social functions. Although he had not been introduced to her, he learned that her first name was Betty, and, assuming that he had met her during the summer, and reassured by her evident acquaintance with him, he sought a dance and secured it.

His sole purpose for the next few weeks was to find out who she was, but his investigation led no further than the word "Betty". He learned that she was taken to the various school activities by a young Sophomore, named Jack Rolf, with whom Tom had a speaking acquaintance. Tom promptly sought him out, and endeavored to "pump" him, but with no more success than an agricultural experiment in the desert of Sahara.

Affairs kept going from bad to worse, and while Tom's courses did not suffer, he lost little sleep in trying to make one equal nothing.

Tom had reached the point where he was able successfully to ask her to the different school affairs, but she did not treat him as the other girls

did. She had an easy familiarity with him, and she expressed concern for his progress in studies and in athletics. Another thing which bothered Tom was the fact that Jack Rolf ceded his place in her estimation to him, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

During the Christmas vacation Tom intended to return to his home in Buffalo, and to attend a family reunion. Betty had said nothing of her plans, but had smiled most bewitchingly when he told her of his.

Vacation came at last. But when Tom went to take Betty to the train, he was surprised to learn that she had left for Buffalo on the same train he would take the next day. He accordingly changed his plans, and made connections which enabled him to arrive in Buffalo only four hours and a half behind her.

He went home to see his mother, and told her that he wished to have a girl friend of his home for Christmas dinner.

His mother agreed instantly and Tom went out to call on an old school friend of his. He left the car at Filmore street, and started through the park. Walking by the lake along the driveway was—Betty.

Tom went up to her and asked her to his home for Christmas dinner, and, marvel of marvels, she accepted! They arranged to meet, the next day, at Filmore avenue, both arriving promptly at the appointed place.

"Good morning, Tom, I'm on time, you see."

"Same here," he said. "Let's go. Mother is expecting us at eleven. She said she'd be very pleased to meet you."

(Continued on page 66.)

Stolen Music

Marguerite Gutschow, Jan. '17.



HE flowers were in full bloom in the quaint, old-fashioned garden, for it was August and the hot air was heavy with perfume from the roses and mignonne. A lazy afternoon breeze stirred the large silken poppies, and sent a shower of petals floating to the ground. On a branch of an old gnarled apple tree, a red-breasted robin coaxed his babies to fly with many threats and much pleading. So interested was he, that he failed to observe that a gray cat was watching him from a near-by fence, with half-shut, blinking eyes.

Even the boy who was stretched upon the cool grass, watching the white clouds drift by overhead, was unconscious of the foreshadowed tragedy. Now and again, a faint sound of music, mingled with the murmur of the bees, drifted from across the road.

There was a piano in the large white house yonder with its imposing pillars and winding drives. The mansion contrasted sharply with the unpainted, vine-covered cottage in which the boy lived. There was a piano once in the parlor of the little house, but that was many years ago, so long, in fact, that David could scarcely remember it. There was a man, too, tall and dark, who played wonderful music upon the shiny, white keys. One day the man went away, looking darker than ever, and fiercely tall. He never came back and the little woman with lace caps and stiff aprons said that David must learn to be a lawyer, as his mother had wished,

and not a dawdling musician, as he longed to be.

David had watched many days in vain for the man's return. At last he thought of it so much, and longed for it so hard, that he wondered whether he could make the white keys dance and talk to him. The chance came one day when the white-capped lady was out among her flowers. Softly pushing the cover back, and deftly touching the keys, a simple but sweet strain floated out through the open door. The duration of his pleasure was short, however, for some one roughly snatched him off the stool, and hastily thrust him through the door. He did not dare look into the parlor for many days afterwards, and when at last he gained enough courage to peer cautiously within, he was filled with dismay. The piano was gone!

It was of these things that the boy was thinking on this lazy summer day. His aunt's strange dislike for the music, of which he was so fond, was always a mystery to him. Suddenly a shrill scream from the robin in the apple tree brought him to his feet. The cat had secured one of the tiny nestlings, and was making away with it over the fence. David gave instant chase.

Across the road, through the bushes, and up the lane they sped, until the cat, with skill born of long practice, slid deftly under a large barn. It was then that the boy looked around him and found himself in the yard back of the large white house. He must return without being seen. This in view, he kept close to a row of lilac bushes, and crept stealthily along. But fate took a hand in the proceedings. A wild, free melody began on

the piano inside. The effect on the boy was startling. A pallor crept over his face, and his dark eyes gleamed, reflecting the inborn ardor of a passionate race. If he could only see the white keys dance with the black in that merry melody!

A wide French window was standing open, sheltered by a tall rose bush. Creeping near, he peered in, unobserved by the person who was playing.

"Wieder spielen Sie," said a voice,

would go home and resign himself to that which his aunt insisted upon, although he despised it so. When he reached the lilacs, he paused. That something which so often forms the turning point of one's life, compelled him to hesitate for an instant. He would go back and have one more look at the piano before he forgot it forever.

Once more he looked in the window. The piano stood with its back to the boy, and to one side of the



"Creeping near, he peered in."

as the music stopped. "Das ist nicht halb genug."

"Nein," some one replied. "Ich musz heraus gehen. I will later, say in an hour," continued the speaker in strongly accented English.

"Very well," said the other. "In an hour, remember."

The conversation ceased. David heaved a sigh and turned away. After all, it seemed as if that which was always so nearly within his grasp was inevitably snatched from him. He

room, so that it was with difficulty that he could see the instrument. He wondered how the keys would look. He could hardly remember, for it had been so long since last he saw them. The man had said something about "an hour". Perhaps he meant that he would return in that time. If so, there was no danger, and, besides, the sill was so invitingly low that he could easily crawl in and take one farewell glance.

(Continued on page 79.)



T. O. RAMSEY
Class Director

T. O. Ramsey, head of the History department and director of the present graduating class, was graduated from the University of Missouri in 1902, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His career as an educator is a notable one. He was principal of the high school at Princeton, Missouri, 1902-1903, and superintendent of schools for a short time at Stafford, Kansas. From 1904 to 1907, he was superintendent of schools at Phillipsburg, Kansas, later becoming county superintendent of Phillips County, Kansas. Leaving this position in 1911, he came west and has been the head of the History and Civics de-

partment of North Central since that time. He has been director of five graduating classes, including the present one, and his policies, both as teacher and as student advisor, have made him one of the most popular men in the school.

—Arthur Torgerson, Jan. '17.

Miss Luther Wins Award

Miss Bernadine Luther, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Luther, 1608 Shannon Avenue, has been presented with the honorary Vox Puellarum award of ten dollars, which will be given annually to the Senior A girl who has developed the most marked personality and attained a high scholastic standing. Miss Luther came to North Central from Camrose, Alberta, Canada. She has attended North Central for two years, and during that time has been a leader in the English and Science departments.

During the year of '15-'16, Miss Luther was a member of the state-debating team. She was also a member of the girls' team, which defeated Northwestern Business College. At present, she is a prominent member of the Edison and Chemistry Clubs, and one of the leaders of the class in newswriting.

When the Vox Puellarum decided to offer the award, Miss Luther was the logical choice. Everyone with whom she comes in contact feels the charm of her personality, and is impressed with the solidity of her attainments. Miss Luther is planning to take up work in the journalism field upon leaving school. Wherever she goes and whatever she does, our best wishes will attend her.

Martha M. Mallory, Jan. '17.

Little Boy: "Mother, isn't that a funny man? He's sitting on the sidewalk and talking to a banana peel!"



NORTH CENTRAL'S DEBATERS

Left to right: Harold Eby, L. C. Bradford, coach; Harry McDonald, Robin Cartwright, Philip Seltzer, L. W. Sawtelle, head of English department, and Harold McLaren.

Mr. Bradford, our new debate coach, is a graduate of Reed College, and was a member of the debating team that unanimously defeated the University of Washington in 1915. He has had practical experience as a coach, as well as a debater. He was head of the English department in the high school at Hillsboro, Ore., before coming to North Central.

Debate

The debating season is again in full swing at North Central. Our teams have participated in two State League debates on the question of compulsory military training in the high schools, and the season is about half over.

On November 10, North Central, represented by Robin Cartwright, Harold Eby, and Harold McLaren, defeated Newport High. Both teams put up a splendid fight, and the Newport boys showed themselves to be real sportsmen in losing.

On December 15, Philip Seltzer, Harry McDonald, and Robin Cartwright, representing the Red and Black, met the team from Wenatchee in the North Central Auditorium. On this occasion North Central was not victorious, but we have never had reason to feel more gratified with the creditable showing made by our team. The decision came as a surprise to both schools.

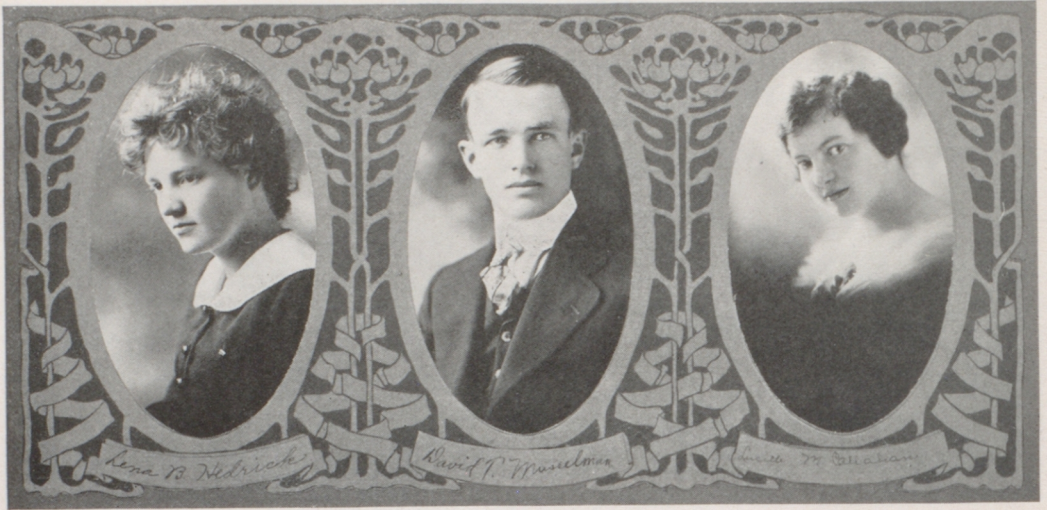
These two debates, however, do not reveal the large amount of work being done in debate in our school. We have a squad of 15 boys, who have worked on both sides of the question

since school opened last fall. The debaters are picked from this squad and the remaining boys give practice debates with the team selected to represent the school. All of the boys have worked loyally to make our debates a success.

L. W. Sawtelle, who consented to act as temporary debate coach, has spared neither time nor labor to make North Central a winner. The next two state debates, scheduled for February 9, and March 9, will be under the direction of our new English teacher and debate coach, L. C. Bradford, Mr. Sawtelle acting as assistant.

It was recently decided that North Central will not take part in State League debates next year. There has been considerable dissatisfaction with the State League system for several years, so Mr. Sawtelle has decided to withdraw, and has negotiated an agreement with Walla Walla and Lincoln High, Portland, to form a triangular league. It is believed that debates with schools of this size will develop keener rivalry and interest among the students.

—Bernadine Luther, Jan. '17.



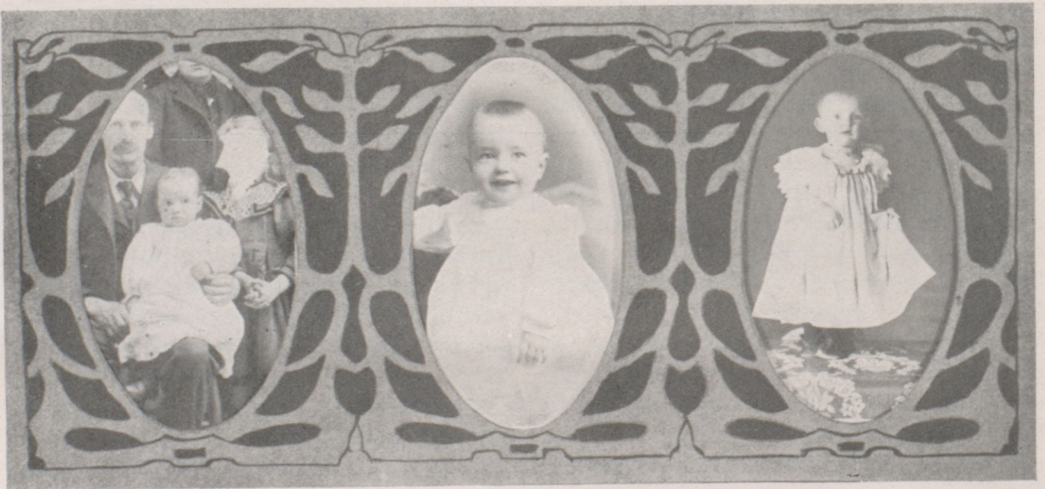
LENA HEDRICK
*"A sweeter flower did nature
 ne'er put forth."*
 CLASSICAL COURSE
 Entered From North Yakima
 High School in 1913

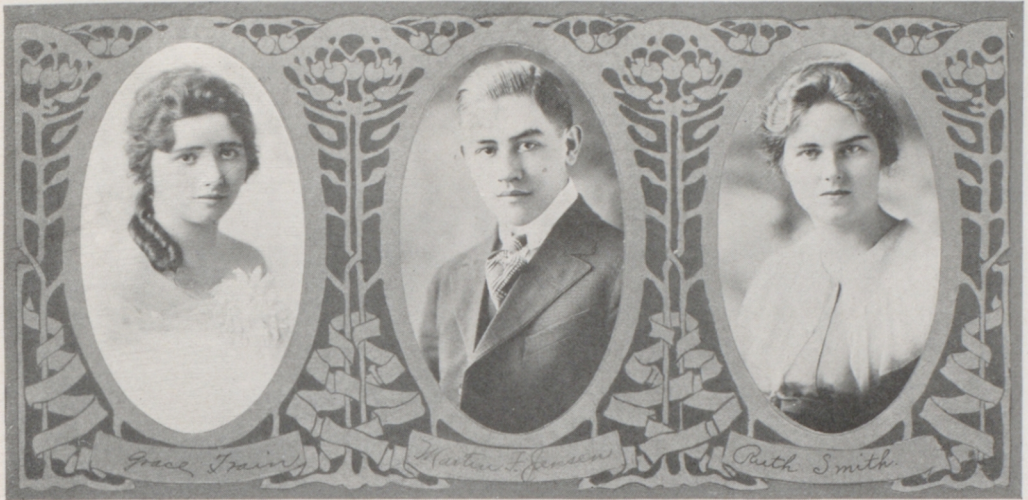
DAVID MUSSELMAN
"A man of grit and muscle."
 COMMERCIAL COURSE
 Class Baseball 1914
 Basketball 1912, '13, '14, '16
 Engineering Society
 Class History

LUCILE CALLAHAN
*"I ever learned industriously to
 try."*
 GENERAL COURSE
 Interclass Debate 1916
 Student Government Board 1916
 Chemistry Club

*Higher, higher, will we climb
 Up the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time
 In our country's story.*

—Montgomery.





GRACE TRAIN

*"I would be loath to cast away
my speech."*

GENERAL COURSE

Tamarack Committee

MARTIN FREDERICK JENSEN

*"All men have their faults; too
much modesty is his."*

SCIENTIFIC COURSE

President Sphinx Club Fall 1916
Captain Interclass Champion De-
bate Team 1915
Wranglers' Extempore Speaking
Contest 1915
Sphinx Oratorical Contest 1916
Chairman Class Will Committee
Chairman Class Constitution Com-
mittee
Class Secretary Sophomore B
Class
Class Treasurer Spring 1915
Commencement Orator
Circulation Manager "The Tam-
arack"
Reporter Chemistry Club
Class Play
State Debate Team 1915
Secretary Sophomore A Class
Charter Member Koda's Club

RUTH SMITH

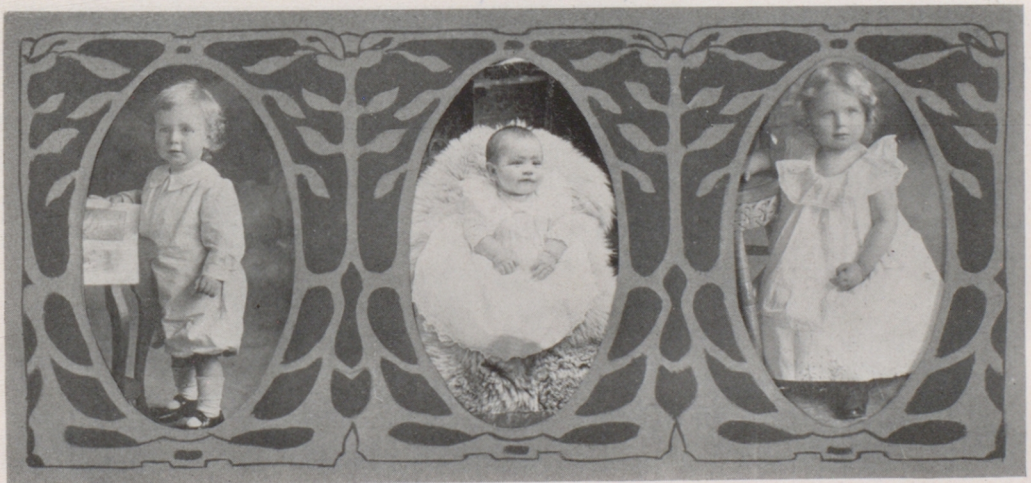
*"I'm diffident, modest, and
shy."*

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Dance of the Nations
Dance of the Months

*In all matters, before beginning, a diligent preparation
must be made.*

—Cicero.





HAROLD ANDERSON

*"Where the youth pined away
with desire."*

GENERAL COURSE

Interclass Baseball
Engineering Society

ELVIE CAPPS

"I'm modesty modified."

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Honor Roll

ERVIN ZINKGRAF

*"Who does the best his circum-
stance allows does well, acts
nobly; angels could do no
more."*

GENERAL COURSE

Tamarack Committee

*Men should press forward, in Fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.*

—Young.





MORTON BAKER

*"Did I say so? Then, to be sure,
if I said so, it was so."*

GENERAL COURSE

Deltas
Masque
Engineering Society
Library Board
Class Play
Chairman Cards and Announcements Committee
President Sophomore B Class
Vice-President Sophomore A Class
Treasurer Junior B Class
Class Basketball 1916

RUTH JOHNSON

*"Modesty is a candle to thy
merit."*

GENERAL COURSE

Class Memorial Committee

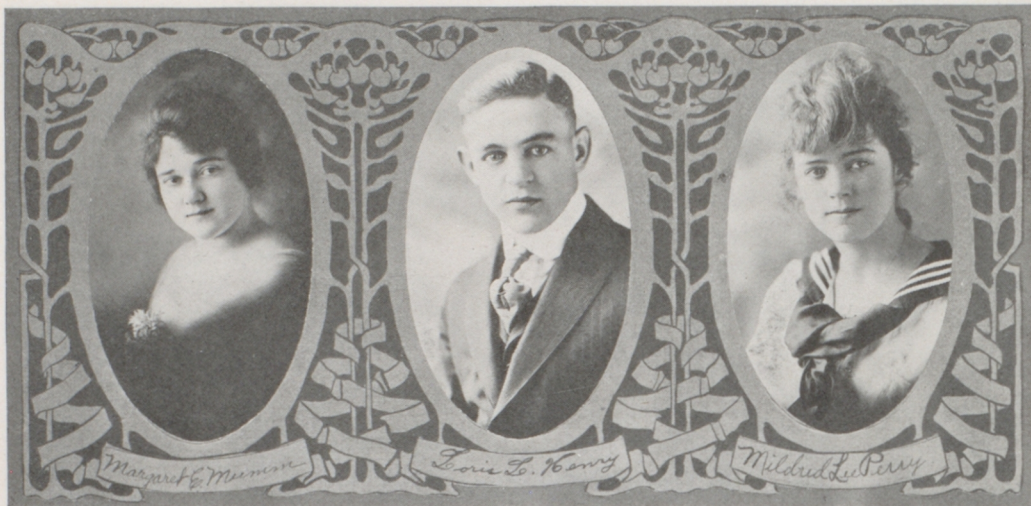
CLARENCE WINGER

*"Silence is more eloquent than
words."*

COMMERCIAL COURSE

*O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning.
—Burns.*





MARGARET MUMM

*"Sweet as the breath of morn,
o'er honeysuckle come."*

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Vice-President Senior A Class
Library Board
"Pocahontas" Lead 1916
Glee Club
Class Picture Committee
Reporter Sophomore A Class
Reporter Junior B Class

LORIS HENRY

*"Many men have done wisely
but thou excellest them all."*

MANUAL ARTS COURSE

Reporter Engineering Society 1915
Reporter Deltas 1915
Vice-President Junior B Class
President Junior A Class
President Kodak Club Spring
1916
President Engineering Society
Spring 1916
President Senior B Class Spring
1916
Scribe of Deltas Spring 1916
Science Club 1916
Senior Grandmaster Deltas Fall
1916
President Senior A Class
Football Manager Fall 1916
Business Manager Class Play

MILDRED LEE PERRY

*"In each cheek appears a pretty
dimple."*

GENERAL COURSE

Entered From El Paso, Texas,
High School in 1915
Tennis Club
Chairman Class Prophecy Com-
mittee
Class Play

*'Tis not what man does which exalts him,
but what man would do.*

—Browning.





EVA MAE MILLER

*"Neither too young to be wise,
nor too old to be careful."*

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Senior A Committee
Entered From Cheney Prep
School in 1915

PHILIP PETERSON

*"Good sense which only is the
gift of heaven."*

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Class Memorial Committee

ELVETA MILLER

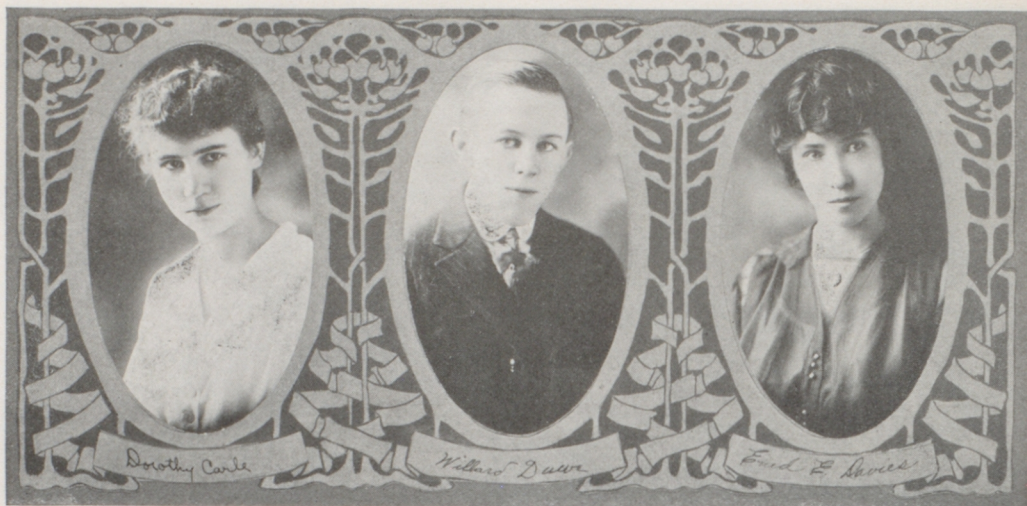
*"We will keep a little cozy cor-
ner in our heart for her."*

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

*How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!*

—Longfellow.





DOROTHY CARLE
*"What sweet delight a quiet life
 affords."*

GENERAL COURSE
 Sans Souci
 Class Prophecy Committee

WILLARD DUWE
*"For him light labor spreads her
 wholesome store."*

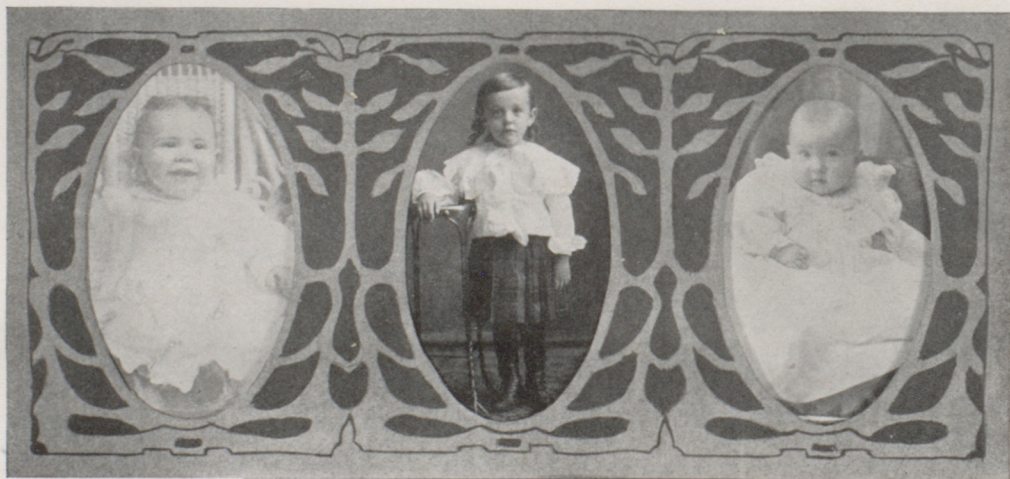
GENERAL COURSE
 Entered From Fargo High School
 in 1913
 Deltas
 Class Track 1914, '15, '16
 Cross Country 1915
 Kodak Club
 Interclass Football 1914, '15
 Interclass Basketball 1914, '15
 Class Memorial Committee
 Stage Manager Class Play
 Engineering Society

ENID DAVIES
*"To say the truth, I was tired of
 being always wise."*

CLASSICAL COURSE
 Vox Puellarum
 Secretary S. P. Q. R. 1916
 Second on Honor Roll
 Class Pin Committee
 Class History Committee

*Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man;
 and writing, an exact man.*

—Bacon.





MARY KENNEDY

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

First in "Tamarack" Prize Essay Contest 1916
Class Memorial Committee

LEON WHEATON

"He has not left a wiser or a better behind."

CLASSICAL COURSE

Class Football 1914, '15, '16
Kodak Club
Class Memorial Committee
Class Play
Debating Society
Interclass Debates 1916

BERNICE STUSSER

"From a little spark may burst a mighty flame."

CLASSICAL COURSE

Entered from Lewis and Clark High School in 1915
Die Germanistische Gesellschaft
Class Will Committee
Class Play
Secretary Die Germanistische Gesellschaft 1916

*Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?*

113-14

—Wordsworth.





GEORGE EDWARD SHANNON

"There was a manhood in his look."

GENERAL COURSE

Entered From North Yakima
High School in 1915
Deltas
Engineering Society
Athletic Board 1916
Basketball Forward 1915
Class Secretary 1916
Reporter Deltas 1916

RUTH ELOISE STONE

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

GENERAL COURSE

Girls' Tennis Club 1914
Dance of the Nations 1914
Masque Society 1914
Dance of the Seasons 1915
Wendel Phillips Club
Winner Masque Declamation Contest 1915
Dance of the Hours 1916
Vice-President Senior B Class
Secretary the Masque
Comic Editor "The Tamarack"
Spring and Fall 1916
Winner Walla Walla Dramatic Contest
"Gacho Land"
President Student Government Board
"Tamarack" Reporter 1916
Class Will Committee
Class History Committee
"Pocahontas"
Class Orator
Leading Lady Class Play

CHARLES ABRAMHAM

"Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit."

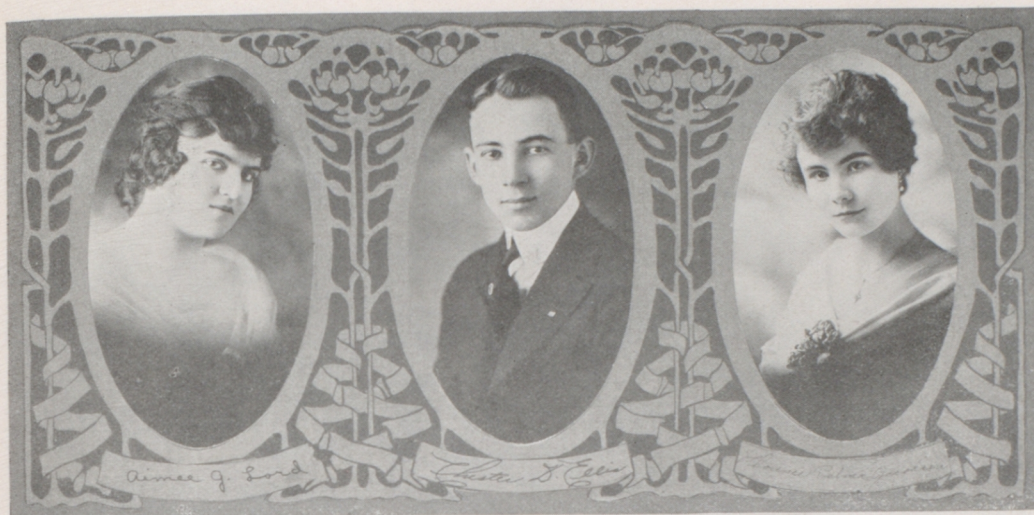
SCIENTIFIC COURSE

"Sylvia" 1913
"Bul Bul" 1913
"King Hal" 1914
"Gacho Land" Lead 1915
"Pocahontas" Lead 1916
"Pot Pourri" 1914
N. C. H. S. Quartette 1914, '16
Glee Club 1913, '14, '15
Deltas
Delta High Jinks 1915, '16
President Glee Club 1916
Junior Grandmaster Deltas 1916
Secretary and Treasurer Engineering Society 1916
Treasurer Masque 1916
Treasurer Senior A Class
Class Play Lead
Treasurer Sophomore A Class

A boy is better unborn than untaught.

—Gascoigne.





AIMEE LORD

"She's all my fancy painted her."

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Class Pin Committee
Sans Souci
"Tamarack" Stenographer
Class History Committee

CHESTER ELLIS

*"Then he would talk—ye gods!
how he would talk."*

COMMERCIAL COURSE

"Tamarack" Stenographer 1916
Vice-President Science Club 1916
Reporter Commercial Club 1913,
'16
Treasurer Kodak Club 1916
Prophecy Committee
Class Play
Reporter Sophomore B Class
Reporter Newswriting Class 1916
Tied for First, "Tamarack" Essty
Contest 1916
Vice-President Commercial Club
Fall 1915

FLORENCE JACOBSEN

*"To friendship every burden's
light."*

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Dance of the Nations 1914
Die Germanistische Gesellschaft
Spring 1913
"Pocahontas" 1916
Class Play
"Tamarack" Stenographer 1916

*Knowledge is a hill which few may wish to climb;
Duty is a path which all may tread.*

—Lewis Morris.





FORD DUNTON

*"Like Douglas conquer, or like
Douglas die."*

GENERAL COURSE

Engineering Club
Chemistry Club
Baseball 1915, '16
Class Track 1916
Track 1916
Class Football 1915, '16
Scrubs 1914
Football 1915
Captain Football 1916

GLADYS HUNTON

*"With malice toward none and
charity toward all."*

CLASSICAL COURSE

CLINTON E. SOHNS

*"Whate'er he gives, is of the
best."*

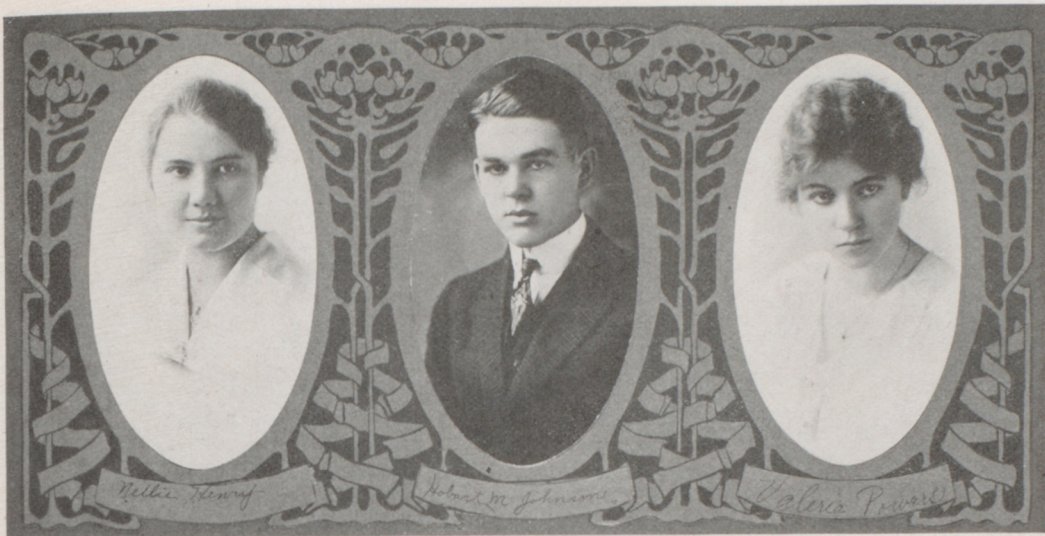
GENERAL COURSE

Baseball 1913, '14, '15
Captain Baseball 1916
Basketball 1914, '15, '16, '17
Captain Basketball 1916, '17
Track 1916
Engineering Society
Vice-President Engineering So-
ciety 1915
Deltas
Scribe of Deltas 1916
Class Yellmaster 1914, '15, '16
Athletic Board 1915, '16, '17

*No true and permanent Fame can be founded except in
labors which promote the happiness of mankind.*

—Sumner.





NELLIE VIOLA HENRY
*"Who chooses me, shall get as
 much as he deserves."*

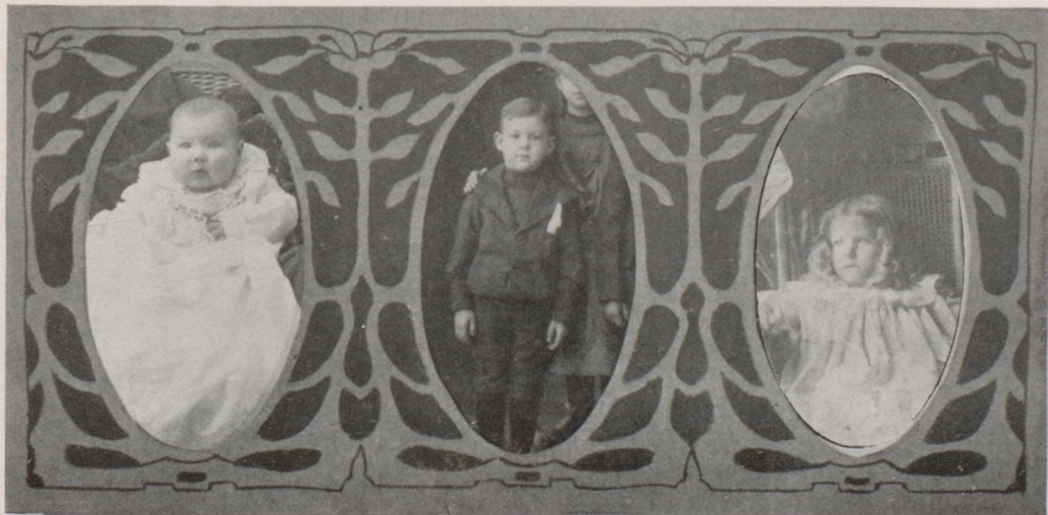
COMMERCIAL COURSE
 Commercial Club 1913
 Class Prophecy Committee

HOBART M. JOHNSON
"Down, thou climbing sorrow."
 GENERAL COURSE

Agenda Club 1914
 Agenda Quartette 1914
 Deltas Fall 1915
 Delta Quartette 1915, '16
 Delta "High Jinks" 1916
 Delta "Freshman Frolic" 1916
 Glee Club Bass 1915, '16, '17
 "Gaucho Land" 1915
 "Pocahontas" 1916
 Class Football 1915, '16
 Band 1914, '15, '16
 Interclass Debates 1916
 Kodak Club 1915
 Country Fair 1914

VALERIA POWERS
*"Like the winds in summer
 sighing
 Her voice is low and sweet."*
 HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
 Die Germanistische Gesellschaft
 Class Play

*'Tis education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.*
 —Pope.





MARTHA M. MALLORY

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

GENERAL COURSE

Masque Oratorical Contest
Exchange Editor "The Tamarack"
1914
Organization Editor "The Tamarack"
Spring 1914, Fall 1916
Student Government Board Spring
and Fall 1916
Cards and Announcements Committee

BERNADINE LUTHER

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

GENERAL COURSE

Northwestern Debate 1915
State Debate Team 1916
Secretary Senior A Class
Associate Literary Editor "The
Tamarack" Fall 1916
Second "Tamarack" Prize Essay
Contest 1916
Winner Vox Award 1916
Girls' Volley Ball Team 1916
Chemistry Club
Edison Club

MARGUERITE GUTSCHOW

"A soul as white as heaven."

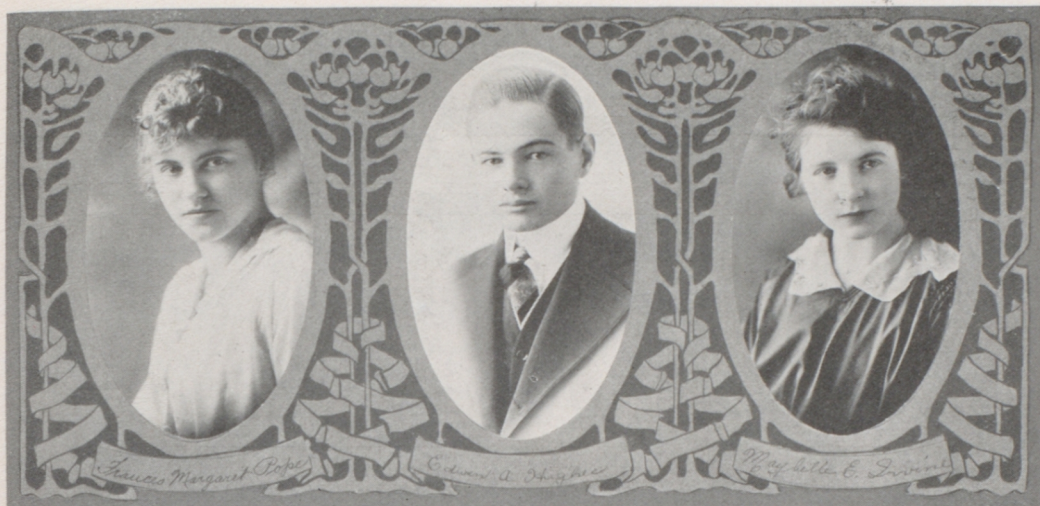
GENERAL COURSE

Student Government Board,
Spring and Fall 1916
Alumni Editor "The Tamarack",
Fall 1916
Cards and Announcements Committee

*When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.*

—Moore.





FRANCES MARGARET POPE

"Far off her coming shone."

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Dance of the Nations 1914

EDWIN HUGHES

"But chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands."

SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Advertising Manager Class Play
Chemistry Club
"Der Neffe Als Onkel"
First on Honor Roll
Class Orator
Edison Club

MAYBELLE IRVINE

"Her ways are the ways of pleasantness and her paths are peace."

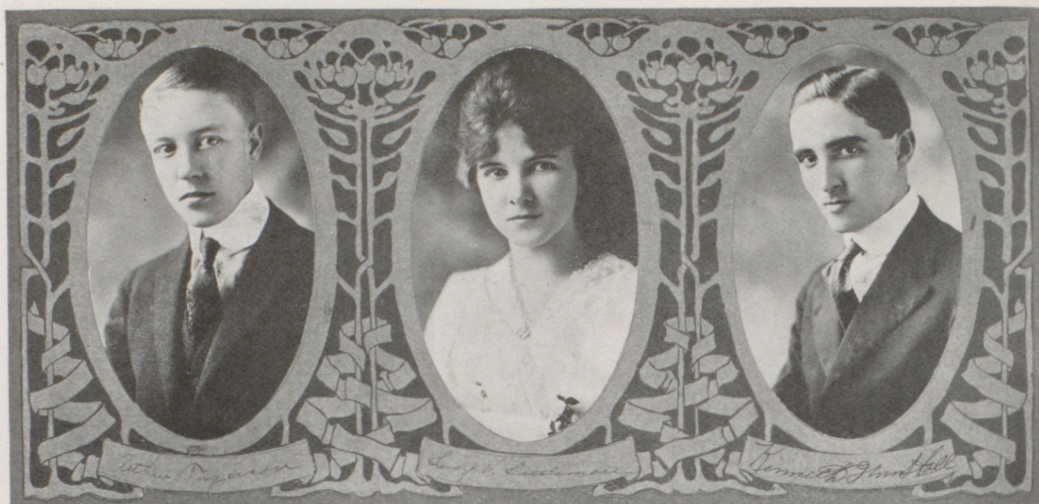
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Class Will Committee
"Tamarack" Committee

*Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.*

—Cowper.





ARTHUR TORGERSON

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

GENERAL COURSE

Musical Director Delta High Jinks 1915, '16
Orchestra 1913, '14, '15, '16
Band 1914, '15
Leader Band 1916
"Sylvia"
"Bul Bul"
"King Hal"
"Gaucho Land"
"Pocahontas"
Deltas 1916
Glee Club 1914, '15, '16

LUCY LITTLEMORE

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

"Tamarack" Artist 1916
Kodak Club 1916
Class History Committee

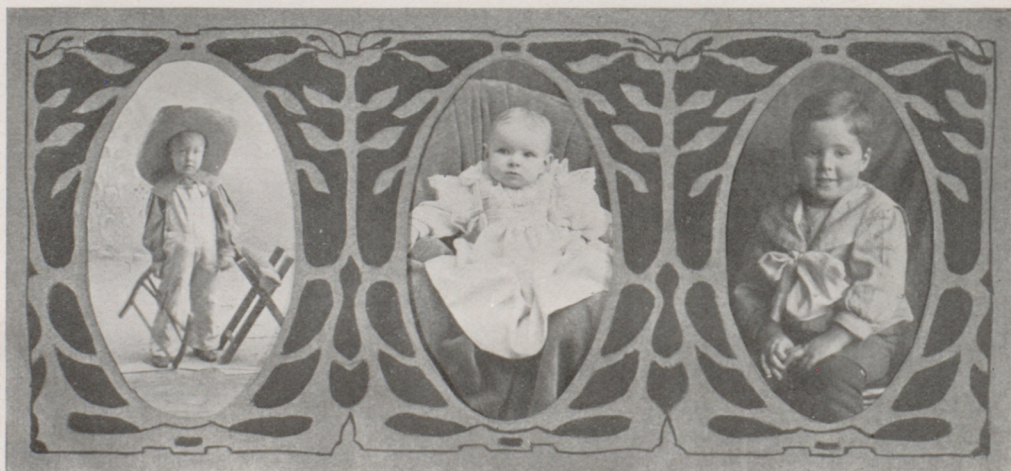
KENNETH IRVIN HALL

"Oh! what may man within him hide!"

GENERAL COURSE

Glee Club 1913, '14, '15, '16
"Sylvia"
"Bul Bul"
"King Hal"
"Gaucho Land"
"Pocahontas"
Chairman Class History Committee
French Club 1914
Commercial Club
Treasurer Commercial Club 1915
Agendas
Music Editor "The Tamarack"
Class Baseball 1914
School Quartette Second Bass
Agenda Quartette First Bass

*And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
—Goldsmith.*





ROBERT HEILY

"Good nature and good sense
must ever join."

GENERAL COURSE

Deltas
Engineering Club
Vice-President Engineering Club
1916

"Tamarack" Committee
Chemistry Club
Kodak Club
Class Play

LOUISE CLARK

"Might hide her faults, if belles
had faults to hide."

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Dance of Nations
Class Prophecy Committee
Class Play

LESTER YOUNG

"Sir, I would rather be right
than be president."

SCIENTIFIC COURSE

*So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to Man.
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must",
The youth replies, "I can".*

—Emerson.





BRYAN KENNEY
*"His heart was as great as
 the world."*
 GENERAL COURSE
 Tennis 1916



*Who climbs the grammar tree, distinctly knows
 Where noun, and verb, and participle grows.*
 —Dryden.

Senior B Banquet

There is an old maxim which says that "the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach." But if you had been to the Senior Banquet held January 20, at the Masonic Temple, you would have thought it applied to everyone, including the girls.

The following program was well received:

Selections by the Senior B Orchestra-----Led by Lillian Baker
 Vocal Solo-----Irene Lindgren
 Reading-----Mary Stewart
 Vocal Solo-----Mrs. Hargreaves
 Accompanied by Mr. Rice.
 Reading-----Irene Oliver
 Quartet—
 Elmer Armstrong, Kenneth Hall,
 Hobart Johnson and George Paul.

Vocal Solo-----Jean McMorran
 { Loris Henry
 Toasts by-----Mr. Hargreaves
 { Miss Kaye
 { Mr. Ramsey

The crowning event of the evening was a terrible melodrama in one act,

written by Peggy Ross. The scenery was painted by John Segessenman. The characters, all of which were well acted, were taken by:

Sis Hopkins-----Peggy Ross
 Hiram, Sis's father--John Segessenman
 Maria, Sis's mother---Irene Lindgren
 Skinny, Sis's beau-----Al Rogers
 Black Hawk, villain--J. C. McDonald

The Rainy Day

*The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 I flunked because my brain's so weary;
 My heart still clings to basket ball,
 But at every game, my poor grades fall;
 And the day is dark and dreary.*

*I had a talk with Dad last night,
 He said "Your grades are truly a fright";
 Advised me to "quit that athletic stuff,
 For really your studies are quite enough";
 And the days are dark and dreary.*

*But now, sad heart, just cease repining!
 You know you can't get there by whining;
 So come and get this Algebra three,
 And cheer up, though you can't quite see
 Why some days are dark and dreary.*

—Jean McMorran.

The Class of January 1917

By the Crystal Gazer.

We, the members of the class of January, 1917, feeling that the time approaches when we shall no longer be a part of North Central High School in body, although we shall always be present in spirit, desire to have it made known to ourselves, and the student body, our future career, by the aid of the Crystal Gazer. In token

of this, we feel it our duty to leave to the school such mementoes, as will express our fate. These may be distributed as seems fit to those who claim to possess similar ambitions.

In the person of Loris Henry, Alexander, the Crystal Gazer, appears before the student body and predicts the following for the Class of January '17:

"Spirit of the future, speak!
Tell me where and how to seek
The futures of this wondrous class,
Of January Seventeen."

The prophet then did turn his eyes,
And looked into the western skies;
Faintly, then, he heard a sigh,
And slowly thus he spoke:

"Wild and weary lies your ways,
Long and happy be your days;
But each may, if he so desire,
Write a question and of me inquire."

Thus they did as he requested,
And with the questions, he wrestled;
After moments of deep thought,
The future of many before us, he brought.

"Lucille, Gladys, and Ruth shall be
Teachers of fine cookery;
'Dave' will speed across the sea,
As your ambassador.

"Herbert shall fore'er fit shoes,
Or be a preacher, if he choose;
Of M. D.'s you shall have but three—
Baker, Young, and Mallory.

"Duwe will a soldier be;
Anderson a tailor;
Zinkgrof will grand opera sing;
'Flo' will teach the Highland Fling.

"Behold Shannon, a farmer lad;
Fair Louise, an old maid, sad;
Grace Train, with a single fad
O'er chemistry teaching, went quite mad.

"Bernice Stusser shall run a home,
For ill-used pets as dogs and cats;
Elvie be a suffragette;
The Miller Sisters fair, will run a shop
for false hair.

"Ruth Johnson, on a 'Movie Screen'
Will have a run as a vampire queen;
'Clint' a dairy wagon runs,
While Lena bakes the buns.

"Dunton will run a barber shop;
'Martie' a stand for soda pop;
'Charlie' peddle a novel mop
For a salary mean.

"Francis on fantastic toe;
I, a ballet dancer, oh!
Leon Wheaton a lovely beau,
With such an ardent gaze.

"Ruth Stone always hoped to be
An actress of most high degree;
Now she's packing apricots,
For a California shop.

"Bob Hiely, who asked of me to predict,
Has startled the world, I see.
The Supreme Court has rendered a ver-
dict,
That his dancing surpasses 'Vern' Cas-
tle's by far.

"Enid Davies, a great snake charmer,
Dorothy Carle, invents a foot-warmer;
Nellie Henry, now living in Finland,
Helps Chester lead a hot-air band.

"Clarence Winger, our bookkeeping shark,
Has invented a boat which he calls
'Noah's Ark'.

Why he took this strange course is a
mystery to us.
We suppose he upholds Naval Prepared-
ness.

"'Phil' Peterson, quiet disciple of mirth,
Now out in 'Greenwood', does shovel the
turf;

And the mortician, Kenneth Hall, sees
that he gets his full share.
For every new customer that he brings
there.

"Bryon Kenny, known as a hunter of
meat,
Now runs a pawn shop on Katzeustein
Street,
Margaret Gutschow, I see as a clerk for
this man,
For well, indeed, was this bargain store
ran.

"And now Margaret Mumm, our singer
of old,
Peddles 'Perkins' Pink Pills—Step-on-
That-Cold'.
Lucy Littlemore, close with competitive
bills,
Is selling, I see—'Anti-fat pills'."

Then a pause in this marvelous speech,
Which to us, our future did teach.
"The rest, my mind doth fail to reach,"
Alexander, then did screech.

But whosoever in the audience will,
I ask, this program finish and fill?
Thus, quietly Margaret from the audience
came,
And this is the song she sang:

SONG

"Ah, I can see beyond the footlight,
Sitting in the seventh row,
A little boy, a little girl,

And they love each other so.
She is smiling, he is beaming,
Happy as the King and Queen;
Of the future they are dreaming,
Edwin Hughes, and Bernadine.

"I can see far in the future;
Through this microscope of mine,
Aimee Lord and Valeria Powers,
Sea Cooks on the foaming brine.
Now appears, a queer enclosure—
Listen, while I whisper low—
Mary Kennedy and Maybelle Irvine,
Training poodles for a show.

"A famous troop in cause of suffrage,
Has made its impress in the land;
Mildred Perry does all the talking,
While Arthur leads the band.
Let me say one word in parting,
To the teachers of North High:
'I can see a happy future,
For you all. To all, good-bye!'"

With the pile of implements, we
leave, in addition, the following com-
mandments, which the Class of Janu-
ary '17 guarantees from experience
to create favorable impressions, if fol-
lowed closely:

I. Thou shalt not absent thyself
from gathering together one minute
later than 8:29, on the days of the
great assembling. On the sixth day,
thou shalt sleep.

II. Neither shalt thou jeer and poke
fun at Freshmen entering for the first
time.

III. Neither shalt thou push or
crowd in the halls, but keep thou on
the right hand of the halls, and also
keep thou moving.

IV. Nor shalt thou converse by
means of paper or voice with thy
neighbor during classes, be she fair
or foul.

V. Thou shalt not deceive thy
teacher by means of the tops of desks,
cuffs, or any other device.

VI. Above all things thou shalt
love thy teacher and do her will.

We also desire:

1. To leave the remaining class
presidents a book, entitled "How To

Run a High School Class Financially,"
by Lorin Henry.

2. That a copy of "Some New
Jokes and Inventions" be presented to
Mr. Arthur J. Collins for future
classes.

3. That all beads, pennies with
holes, and ornaments of various mem-
bers of the Senior A Class shall be
given to Douglas Scates to carry on
his Missionary efforts in China.

In conclusion, we do hereby devise
to the school, one electric clock, to be
installed in the auditorium, which we
hope will be of great value in the
future, by saving Mr. Hargreaves the
trouble of informing the students to
which class they are to pass at the
close of convocation.

THE CLASS OF JANUARY, '17.

Mildred Perry,
Martin Jensen,
Ruth Stone,
Maybelle Irvine,
Arthur Torgerson,
Bernice Stusser,
Ford Dunton,
Dorothy Carle,
Louise Clark,
Chester Ellis,
Robert Hiely,
Nellie Henry.

"The Divine Valuation of a Human Tooth"



DOCTOR J. W. McDougall, recently appointed to the pastorate of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of this city, was selected by the present graduating class to deliver the baccalaureate sermon.

"The Divine Valuation of a Human Tooth", was the subject selected by the speaker. The lesson set forth was that if God places such a high valuation on a human tooth, he must place a great deal upon our entire body, and we should, therefore, take proper care of it—physically, mentally, and morally.

The summary of Doctor McDougall's sermon follows:

"Text: 'He shall go free for his tooth's sake.' Exodus, 21:27. Magnitude is of sole importance in the logic of some. Men say this world is too small for God to notice it. Magnitude does not always measure values in daily life. A child is of infinitely greater worth to a loving parent's heart than thousands of gold and silver, or as many acres of land.

"He who reads the Scriptures carefully will observe that God does not ignore an object because of its smallness. He has regard even for a tooth. What value did he put on a tooth of

his servant that might be smitten out by the stroke of his master? He demanded that his liberty be given him, a recompense of far greater value than any earthly treasure.

"If God placed such a high estimate on a tooth of a man, what value must he place on the other parts of man? If God values a tooth so highly, how much does he value the whole body? He would have the body as a temple for his in-dwelling. How much does

he care for a man's mind? The mind is more valuable than the tooth. How much does he care for a soul? 'What is a man profited if he gain the world, and lose his own soul?' Christianity has raised the valuation of man in the eyes of men.

"If God values the tooth of a man so highly, what value should a man put upon himself? Men should value their bodies, so as to save them from being merely animals in their action. As physical beings we are the inhabitants



DOCTOR J. W. McDOUGALL

of a universe, citizens of a world.

"How highly men should value their minds. They should seek the greatest possible enlargement, and see to it that truth only shall have sway therein. 'My mind to me a kingdom is' is true of every man's mind. As intellectual beings, we occupy a larger space than we do as physical.

"Men should, above all things, care
(Continued on page 71.)

Exchanges

As Seattle and St. Louis See Us

"I have taken the time this morning to read the November issue of 'The Tamarack' which you so kindly sent to me. The time was well and profitably spent; so much so, in fact, that I am asking each high school principal (Seattle) to read your Thanksgiving number. Your paper portrays what your school is doing, and that, after all, is its most important function. Keep up the good work."

THOMAS R. COLE,
Asst. Supt. of Schools,
Seattle, Wash.

"This (Thanksgiving issue) is just what I like a high school paper to be. **The tone is high, the stories are good, and the style is snappy.** It makes some school publications look cheap."

JENNIE R. CHASE,
Faculty Director of "The Carnation",
McKinley High School,
St. Louis, Mo.

"You have a good deal of excellent, well-arranged material. A few more cartoons, though, would greatly improve your magazine."

—"The Tattler", Milwaukee, Wis.

"Allow us to congratulate you upon having such a splendid paper. The unusual care exhibited in editorial work is at once apparent. Our exchange would certainly be incomplete without you."

—"The Shuris", Schenectady (N. Y.) High School.

"The Indian is artistically worked out on the cover and in the various headings. An innovation is the page devoted to each of the language clubs and printed entirely in the language which the club members are studying."

—"The Totem", Lincoln High School,
Seattle, Washington.

"Through the columns of 'The Tamarack' we learn of a very practical course in journalism installed at the North Central High School, Spokane. Each student enrolled in the course must write real, live, up-to-the-minute news stories. They also have a complete uniformed band of twenty-five members, and the school is no larger than Lincoln!"

—"The Totem", Lincoln High School,
Seattle, Wash.

"We like to get your snappy paper. Your 'Hiking Notes' and editorials are very good."

—"Wheat", Ritzville (Wash.) High School.

"Your 'exit' is a clever idea. We are delighted to find that there is a new way to write up Exchanges. Here is another school in need of an elevator, to judge by 'Don'ts for Freshmen'."

—"Whims", Seattle, Washington.

"Your attractive publication shows the loyal support of an enthusiastic school behind you. The quality of paper used is excellent."

—"The Student Lantern", Saginaw, Mich.

"Your paper is unusually interesting. With the splendid spirit apparent in your school could you not find a few more original jokes?"

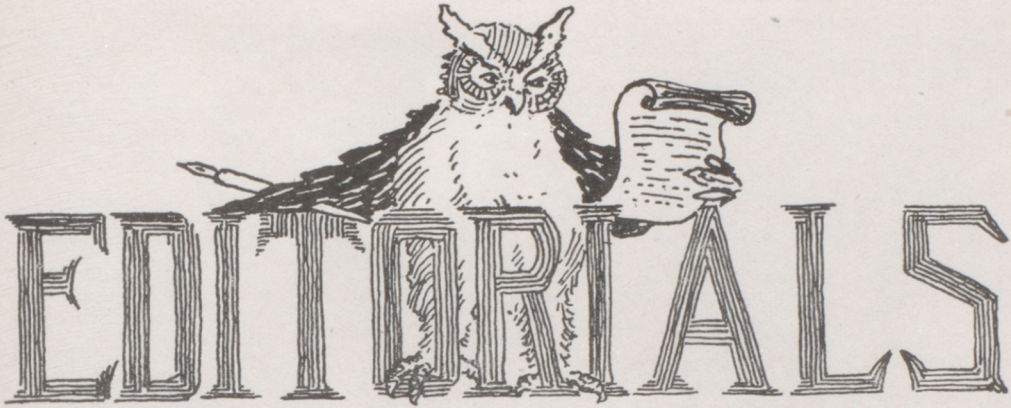
—"The Tattler", Ithaca, N. Y.

"'The Tamarack' offers a rare opportunity to their language stars in the departments 'Die Germanistische Gesellschaft', 'S. P. Q. R.', 'Ici On Parle, Francais', and 'La Seccion Espanola'."

—"The Oriole", Baltimore City College,
Baltimore, Md.

"Though the Literary department of 'The Tamarack' was short in the first issue, we must admit that it was very interesting. We hope to have you with us all year."

—"The Opinion", Peoria High School,
Peoria, Ill.



TO THE SENIOR A'S



THE members of the Senior A Class are the leading, as well as the most numerous, contributors to the present number of "The Tamarack". To them the issue is dedicated with peculiar fitness, for by them chiefly was it written, and for them especially was it conceived.

It is theirs, too, in the significant sense that it reflects their unfailing loyalty to their school—now their Alma Mater—and bodies forth their earnest support of its publication. With all its imperfections on its head, the paper, product of their pens and memento of their class, bespeaks the sympathetic appraisal, and challenges the worthy emulation of succeeding classes.

—The Faculty Director.

AND NOW WHAT?

Now that we have our diplomas what are we going to do? We feel like the man without a country. Everything is before us. We can continue working, or we can slump into a rut and remain there.

It's pretty hard to work when we don't have to. We all acknowledge

that the teachers' grade books and the vision of a diploma have been powerful agents in keeping us "on the job". Now they are gone, and we are placed on our own resources. Some of us will follow the path of least resistance without a struggle; others will try, and, perhaps, fail. There is, however, "that something" in everyone that enables him to be just what he wishes, if he is willing to pay the price. The Senior Class as a whole has come out of the fray with flying colors. Remembering this, let us continue to make good, even though the going is hard. Let's be good sports and go into the game to win.

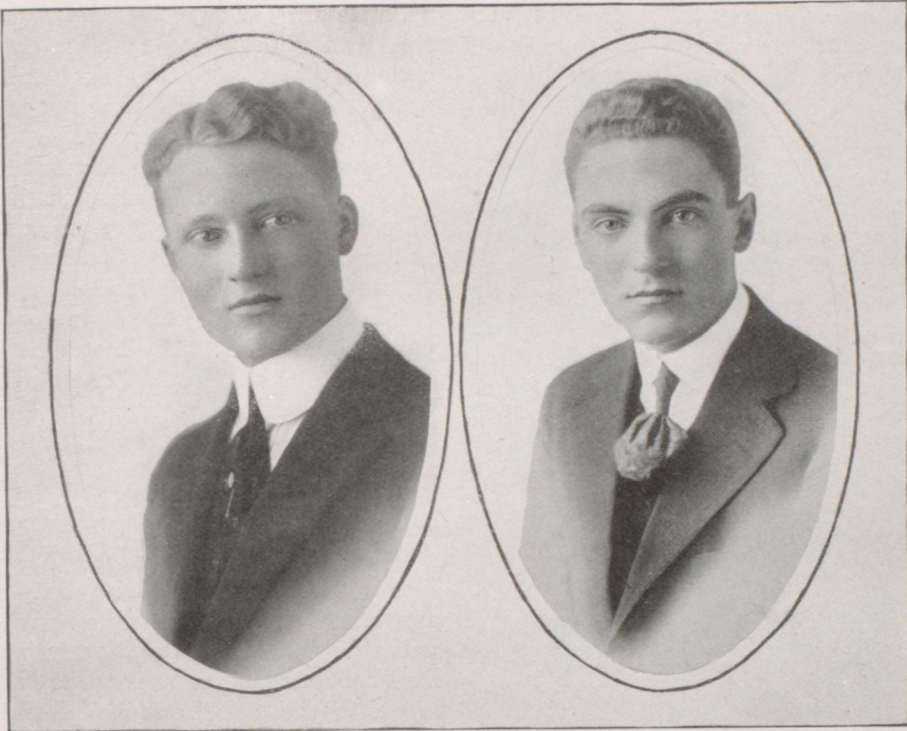
—Bernadine Luther.

EN AVANT

With the training North Central is equipped to give us, if we are only willing to give ourselves to it, and have the right stuff in us, we are fitted to live up to her motto, and ever go forward as we have while within her walls. She has trained us to fight hard if necessary, or to employ diplomacy if more discreet, but in all cases to press on and up.

Let us not, however, become hasty, slighting our path behind, for time is the test of all things and the revealer of secrets, and a spot skipped over unjustly will show more the farther we





DOUGLAS E. SCATES,
Editor-in-Chief.

ROBERT PATTON
Business Manager.

leave it behind us. The past should be done so faithfully that we may forget it without fear, and so well that it may serve as an example to those following after.

—*Douglas E. Scates.*

ABOUT YOUR ATHLETIC ENDEAVORS

Mother constantly expresses her skepticism as to the advisability of continuing in athletics, and is certain that you are not able to stand the strain.

Father, to all intents and purposes, is entirely ignorant of your endeavors and, when reminded of them, has nothing to say beyond, "One of the best forms of exercise is cutting wood, and there is plenty of that no farther away than the basement."

As to making your letter, he can

make you a fine looking "W" (wood-cutting), and besides there would always be split wood on hand. Inwardly though, father is watching you with interest.

Brother condescends to "happen around" when the big event is staged. Sister gives you no credit at all, and considers you as "extra baggage", belonging to the team as a whole. Her conversation with the girl next door about you, however, is very much in refutation of what she tells you.

If you lose, your friends all congratulate you on your good "try"; and if you win, they happen to remark, "light competition", in referring to your success.

But, win or lose, the fellow who misses the above does not get all there is in high school; and the boy who goes through it learns to bear

defeat bravely and to rejoice in victory modestly, which is something "book learning" doesn't teach him.

—Willard Duwe, June '17.

Miss Bigelow Weds

About ten years ago, when Dr. Benefiel was teaching in the old Spokane High School, there was in one of his Algebra classes a brilliant and popular girl known as Bertha L. Bigelow. In June, 1907, she was graduated among the leaders of her



MRS. C. M. HARRIS

class, conspicuous both for personality and scholarship.

The following year found her a student in the University of Washington, where her talents soon made her one of the foremost members of one of the oldest and best known sororities there—the Pi Beta Phi, of which she was house manager for two years. Throughout her college course she was prominent in the field of dramatic art, her ability in that re-

spect being shown by the fact that she was chosen for leading parts in college plays, and that she was honored with membership in the Red Domino Dramatic Society.

Upon her graduation from the University, she taught English in the Colville High School, where, in addition to her regular courses, she had charge of the dramatic work, and staged successfully several class plays. Two years later she was installed as a member of the North Central faculty in the English department, where she has taught with marked success for almost four years.

During her stay in North Central, the influence of Miss Bigelow's personality has been stamped upon the lives of all students who have been associated with her. She has been valuable to the school not only as a classroom teacher, but also in the larger social development of the students. The Masque Society, under her capable direction for two years, is indebted to her for much of its success.

January 3, at 8:30 o'clock, in the Vincent Methodist Church, Miss Bigelow was married to Mr. C. M. Harris, Jr., manager of the Standard Oil Company, of Spokane. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who will continue to live in Spokane, will make their home in the Avenida Apartments. Although North Central feels the loss of Miss Bigelow keenly, the best wishes of her many friends, students and teachers alike, go with her.

Miss Bechtel Returns

We are glad to note that Miss Alice M. Bechtel, of the English department, who underwent a serious operation, has sufficiently recovered to resume her duties at school after a prolonged absence. Miss Evelyn Jamieson, a recent graduate of Wellesley College, substituted for her during the interim.

"Tom"

It was the night of the operetta, "King Hal". The people had all left, the lights were out, and the dark halls echoed the footsteps of John Reager, night watchman at North Central. His dark form loomed against the dull light from the windows at the end of the hall.

Suddenly he stopped and listened. All was silent. He walked a few steps farther. Again he paused and turned his flash-light along the floor. There standing close to his feet was a big black and white cat, that blinked at the light and, with a friendly purr, rubbed his smooth fur against John's shoes.

"Tom" has made his home at North Central ever since that night. One day while talking to a small girl living near the high school, John told her of Tom. She instantly recognized him as her own cat, but she gave him to John for North Central.

John comes on duty every day about four-thirty in the afternoon and stays until four o'clock the next morning. Tom knows his step, and as soon as John enters the building and calls "Tom", Tom answers. When Tom is accidentally locked in one of the rooms by one of the janitors, he cries for John until the big watchman finally comes, when Tom rides off triumphantly in his favorite place—on John's shoulder.

If Tom is "mousing" nothing will take him away. He seems to know the very room in which there is a mouse. His favorite "mousing ground" is the gymnasium. He stations himself in the center of the "gym", waits until he hears a mouse, and then sneaks up to catch it. John says he has taken as many as eight mice away from Tom in one night.



Tom's bed is in the sub-basement on a safe, and every night at two o'clock he gets sleepy and John puts him to bed for the night. Only a few of the students know about Tom, for he is afraid of the students and during the day stays either in the sub-basement or at John's home, now a few blocks from the school. The faculty all know Tom and consider him one of the mainstays of North Central.

—Grace Scroggin.

Freshie (looking at new joke box):
"I wonder if I would get peanuts or chewing gum, if I drop my nickel in here?"



CAST OF SENIOR A CLASS PLAY

Back row, left to right: George Shannon; Robert Heily, "Keep 'em"; Morton Baker, "Ebenezer Goodly"; Charles Abraham, "Jones"; Arthur Torgerson, "William Bigbee"; Martin Jensen, "Rev. Antony Goodly, D. D."

Front row: Chester Ellis, "Richard Heatherly"; Leon Wheaton, "Fuller"; Florence Jacobsen, "Helma"; Louise Clark, "Marjorie"; Mildred Perry, "Alvina Starlight"; Ruth Stone, "Cissy"; Valeria Powers, "Minerva Goodly"; and Miss Marie Kelly, coach.

"What Happened to Jones"

Kenneth I. Hall, Jan. '17.

Bright, snappy lines, excellent coaching, hard work on the part of the cast, and a large and enthusiastic audience, all combined to make the play of the class of January '17 one of the best ever seen at North Central. "What Happened to Jones" was a success not only for the Senior Class, but also for North Central's new dramatic coach, Miss Marie Kelly. Much hard work and a great deal of time had been put on the production, and the result left nothing to be desired.

Charles Abraham, in the part of Jones, had a difficult role which he played in an excellent manner, his work being that of a professional rather than an amateur. Bernice Stusser, as Mrs. Goodly, won much applause by her excellent portrayal of the ambitious mother. Although cast

in a minor part, Arthur Torgerson, the lunatic, was the big hit of the evening, his work being of the side-splitting variety. As Cissy, Ruth Stone proved very capable, while Chester Ellis, in the part of the youthful suitor, was well received. Morton Baker, in the role of Ebenezer Goodly, did good work, as did Robert Heily and Martin Jensen, as Keepem and Anthony Goodly, respectively, while Leon Wheaton had two parts, Thomas Holder and Henry Fuller. Louise Clark, as Marjorie, gave her lines in a clear, bold voice that greatly pleased her audience. The minor feminine parts were ably taken care of by Valeria Powers, as Minerva, Mildred Perry, as Alvina, and Florence Jacobsen, as Helma.

The scenery for the play was prepared by John Seggesenman, a member of the Senior B Class, and Holt Lindsey. The costumes were very

good, due to the fine work of "Peggy" Ross. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Rice, provided the music, and the business end of the play was in charge of Miss Oerter and Edwin Hughes.

Great credit is due Miss Kelly for the success of the play, and North Central will look forward with pleasure to future plays which she will direct.



Left to right: Hobart Johnson, bass; Arthur Torgerson, pianist; Margaret Mumm, soprano; Charles Abraham, bass; and Kenneth Hall, bass.

GRADUATING MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB

Margaret Mumm is one of the most popular members of the club. She has a fine soprano voice and is a graceful and charming actress. "Poc" has been in the club one year, participating in the spring festival last year, and playing the title role in the opera, "Pocahontas".

"Kenny" Hall is the oldest active member of the club in point of service, being a member of the original Boys' Glee Club and a member of the club that represented North Central at Pullman in 1914. He has a clear baritone voice of excellent quality and has taken part in four operas and spring festivals, singing the part of Usher in "Pocahontas".

Hobart Johnson is one of the big members of the club. He was admitted in the spring of 1916, and has participated in two operas and one spring festival. He sings bass.

"Charlie" Abraham is one of the older members of the club, being admitted in 1914, and participating in four operas and two spring festivals. In the opera "Pocahontas" he took the part of Powhatan, the Indian Chief. He has an excellent baritone voice, and is popular with the ladies.

"Art" Torgerson has been connected with the Music department longer than any other student. He became pianist of the orchestra in the spring of 1913, and was admitted to the Glee Club in the same capacity in 1914. He has taken part in all five operas, and in all the Glee Club activities since his admittance. "Art" is a hard, conscientious worker, and deserves a great deal of credit.

—Staff Member.

The Library—A Glance Backward

Helen Kaye.



IF YOU had stepped into our library some afternoon in the fall of 1909, you would have found yourself in a rather small room, which, however, was not in the least crowded. Indeed, that you could come in and be apart from the hurry and scurry of school life was the main thing of which it could boast.

Along the walls on shelves were arranged about four hundred and fifty books, one encyclopedia, and a dictionary. The furniture consisted solely of several tables and a few chairs, giving the room a rather bare appearance. Perhaps half a dozen students would have been seated at a table, drowsily perusing the contents of several books.

What a contrast with our busy, efficient library of to-day! You would hardly believe that this room could have changed so much in so short a time, and become our present library, whose shelves contain over four thousand volumes, whose walls are decorated with beautiful pictures, and whose tables are crowded with eighty-six students each period of the day busily engaged in reference work, while still others are vainly seeking a place to sit. Along with this growth, the home circulation has increased from eight or nine books to fifty books a day.

Many improvements have been made since 1910, when we moved

from Room 209 into our present quarters. A full library course is now offered through the English classes, whereby the students of North Central may learn the use of the library. Student government was inaugurated in March, 1914. It has proved most successful, and has brought our name into prominence among high school libraries throughout the United States. In 1913, Miss Leta Perry, now a Sophomore at Whitman College, was our first library assistant. Her serv-

ices have been duplicated every year by some interested students, those of this semester being Juanita Morris, Phoebe McConnell, and Irene Anderson.

The activities in which the library has featured are too numerous to mention. They consist largely of exhibits, not only for our own use, but for various national and educational associations, and a reception given each year to the faculty, when the library is thrown open for their inspection.

Not a small part of the credit for our progress is due to our librarian, Miss Lucile Fargo, who has been in charge of the library since its inception. That Miss Fargo is an unusually capable and well informed librarian is evident.

(Continued on page 94.)



MISS LUCILE M. FARGO*.

*Miss Lucile Fargo received her B. A. and M. A. degrees from Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., and had a year of library training at the New York State Library School, Albany, New York. Before coming to North Central, Miss Fargo was first assistant in the reference department of the Portland Public Library. She has spent several summers working in the Seattle Public Library and the California State Library at Sacramento, and her service rendered to North Central is invaluable.



THE ATHLETIC BOARD

Left to right: Ford Dunton, football captain; F. G. Kennedy, athletic advisor; Albert Rogers, basket-ball manager; Sam L. Moyer, football coach; Forrest Durst, student representative; Ira C. Davis, baseball and assistant football coach; A. C. Woodward, physical director and track coach; Loris Henry, football manager; Elwin Daniel, baseball captain; and Clinton Sohns, basket-ball captain.

The coaches, captains, and managers of the various athletic teams, along with representatives from the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Classes, constitute the membership of the Athletic Board. The representatives of the student body are elected by the three upper classes, while the other members hold office ex-officio. The duties and powers of the Board are as follows: To determine the athletic policy of the school; to manage the business interests of all athletic activities; to award all athletic letters and honors; and to supervise the election of all athletic officers.

North Central Defeats Kalispell

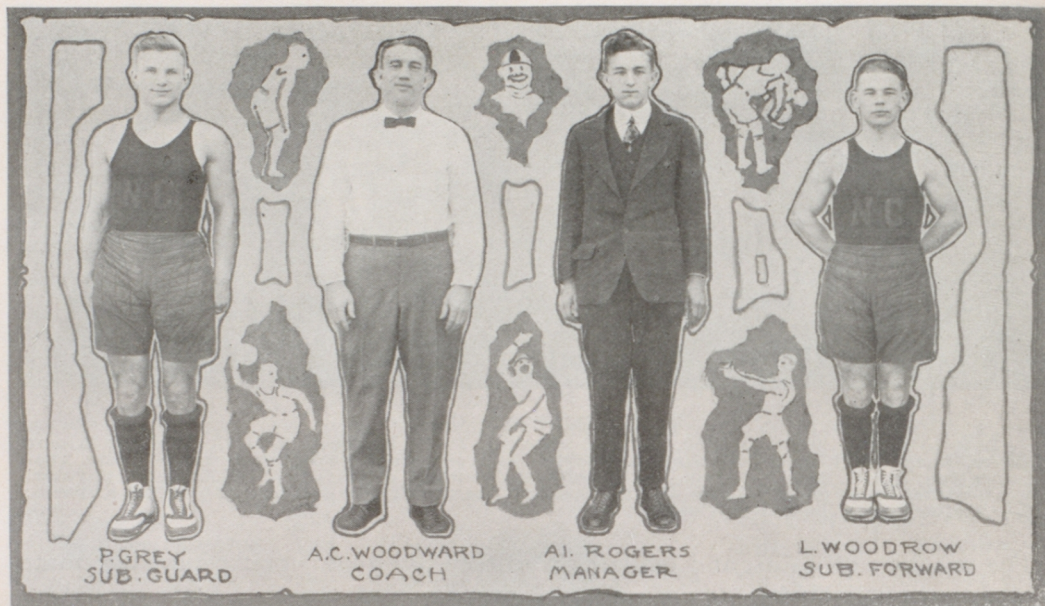
Basketball has not seemed quite the same to the student body of North Central this season, owing to the failure of Lewis and Clark to agree to play the regular series of basketball games, because of the condition of the Lewis and Clark gymnasium. For this reason, Coach A. C. Woodward has been conducting basketball practice somewhat differently from that of previous seasons. He is devoting more time to teaching the fundamentals of basketball to the squad of new men.

There is some very promising material for next season's team in Fellers, Swank, Herbert Lindsay, Stack, Rouse, and Jones.

The basketball season for North Central opened with two games at Kalispell, Montana. The players who made the trip were Sohns, Shannon, Doose, McGowan, Irvine, and Woodrow, accompanied by Coach A. C. Woodward and Manager Albert Rogers.

On the night of January 5, the Kalispell High School and North Central teams lined up for one of the hardest fought games ever played by either school. For thirty minutes, the two teams struggled on even terms, first one, then the other, leading by a narrow margin. It was in the last seven minutes of play that the North Central's fighting spirit outclassed the hard fighting Kalispell team. Our team uncorked a whirlwind finish as the time grew short and succeeded in winning by a fifteen point margin. The game ended with the score standing 33 for North Central and 18 for Kalispell.

Sohns, Shannon, and Doose were our star representatives, while Mc-



Gowan and Irvine guarded the Kalispell basket exceedingly well. Shannon scored 11 points and Doose 10. Reg. Logan, who succeeded in scoring 10 points, was the star of the Kalispell team.

North Central lost the game with the Kalispell Y. M. C. A. by the narrow margin of one point, on the night of January 6, the score being 18 to 19. Sohns and Shannon, forwards, were our stars, while Driscoll and McCarthy starred for the Y. M. C. A.

The Kalispell High School went down to its second defeat January 12, at the hands of the North Central five, in the North Side gymnasium, to the tune of 37 to 9. McGowan was the bright individual star, with Doose, Shannon, and Sohns playing fast ball.

Irvine played a great defensive game, completely smothering his opponents' attempts.

The first half was all in favor of the North Side team, McGowan and Doose being active. Time after time McGowan would come from the other

end of the floor and shoot a basket with surprising accuracy.

The team work of North Central was a big factor. The Kalispell men were always covered, and had little chance of making open field goals. Captain Sohns played a steady game, and while not shooting as many baskets as Shannon, played better team work.

The lineup:

North Central (37)		Kalispell (9)	
Sohns.....	R. Forward.....	Hanson	
Shannon.....	L. Forward.....	Logan	
Doose.....	Center.....	Bradley	
McGowan.....	R. Guard.....	Scharr	
Irvine.....	L. Guard.....	Herman	

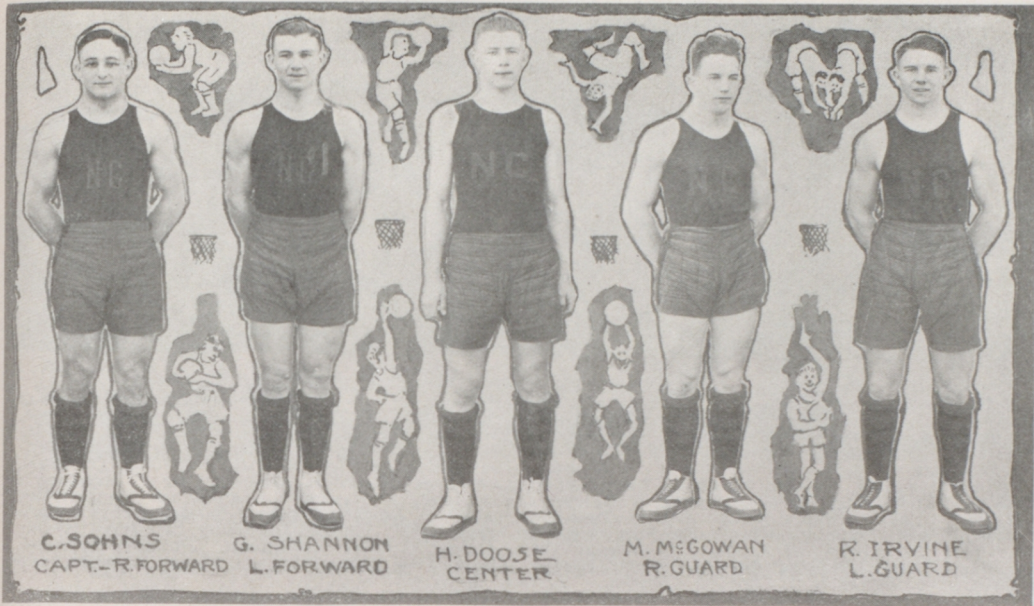
Referee, Ira Davis; timekeeper, Dr. John R. Neely.

Substitutes: Woodrow for Shannon; Gray for Irvine.

Field goals: North Central, Sohns (1), Shannon (3), Doose (5), McGowan (4), and Woodrow (1). Kalispell, Logan (1).

Fouls: Shannon 8 out of 13, Logan 5 out of 10. Herman 1 out of 1.

One other outside game, to be



played in Spokane, will be arranged. Several games with capable local teams will also be scheduled.

—Albert Rogers.

Football on the Rostrum

Ford Dunton: "Your applause certainly made me feel good on the field, but I feel kind of weak now. Give me a pedestal to lean on."

Forrest Durst: "I'm like Ford."

Carl Anderson: "I gave my speech last year."

Harry Quass: "I don't want to keep anybody from his studies, so I won't make a speech."

Robert Irvine: "I won't give a speech if the other boys won't."

Hugh Richardson: "I liked the crowd at the game this time (especially the girls), and we will uphold our record next year, if you will turn out again."

Coach Moyer: "It is a fine thing to be representatives of such a student body as this one. I was proud of

you Thanksgiving Day, and proud to belong to you."

Loris Henry: "I can manage the football season better than I can speak."

Elwin Daniel: "I have got to talk; so here goes— * * *. (A long speech, embodying such originalities as 'the music beamed upon us', 'we crouched like tigers', etc.)"

George Paul: "If you want to get any place, don't lie down. Football is a concrete example."

Majority: "Gee, this sure is swell! I thank Mr. Hargreaves and the Athletic Board."

—D. E. S.

Our Session Teacher

Tall? Observe for yourself in Room 305.

Old? Ask him.

Rational? At times.

Artistic? Surely; wears soft collar.

Memory? He certainly has some.

Slim? Well—you can see his shadow.

Emerald? No; he's not from Ireland.

Yama? (See Webster's International).



THE DELTAS—A LIVE WIRE CLUB

Left to right: Lowell Chamberlin, Melvin Baird, Reg Smith, Loring Overman, Robert Greer, Stanley Jordan, Harold MacLaren, Raphael Budwin, Noble Moodhe, Hubert Jones, Burdett Howard, Hubert Eates, Loris Henry, grand master; Maurice Jackson, Harry Wiedeman, Harold Hanley, George Paul, Carl Anderson, Forrest Durst, Ray Byler, John Seggesman, Eugene Cable, Leroy Armond, Albert Rogers, Ira Smith, William Oberhau, Frank Higgins, Edwin Rathbun, Ed. LeClaire, George Shannon, reporter to "Tamarack"; Edwin Anderson, Carlton Tannatt, Hugh Richardson, chairman of program committee; Harold Park, Ralph Christy, Albert Dalstrom, Morton Baker, Willard Duwe, Ernest Ransome, Ford Dunton, Virgil Shields, Francis Moriarity, George Murphy, Charles Nash, Arthur Torgerson, chairman of Social Committee; Gilbert Robinson, Hobart Johnson, Clifford Berry, Clinton Sohns, Robert Hiely, Albert Arend, Max Howe, Henry Brauer, and Howard Knudson.

Deltas Good Samaritans

The most noteworthy act performed by the Deltas this semester was the distribution of food and clothing to the poor on Thanksgiving. The undertaking proved a decided success. The names of the needy were secured from the Social Service Bureau by the committee in charge, of which Robert Patton is chairman.

The Delta Club wishes to thank all those students who so generously donated. The Deltas were asked by the Vox Puellarum Club to assist them in the distribution of the 'Xmas donations, which invitation the Deltas gladly accepted.

Newswriting Class Sets Record

A course in newswriting at this school is both beneficial and practical, as is shown by the fact that four persons who have taken the work are now employed in local newspaper offices, and several others are either contemplating taking a college course in journalism or plan to enter the newspaper field immediately upon

graduation. Ruby Thuness, June '16, a member of the newswriting class of 1915, is working for "The Chronicle". Eleanor Buchanan, June '16, also a member of the 1915 newswriting class, is employed by the "Twice-a-Week Spokesman-Review". Martin Jensen, January '17, a member of the present newswriting class, is employed by "The Chronicle". Russell Danielson, June '17, also a member of the present class, is also employed by "The Chronicle".

The class has contributed its share of the news to the high school section in the Sunday "Spokesman-Review", as well as its daily quota to "The Chronicle", and is responsible for a school section run in "The Press" on Saturdays. This feature of "The Press" prints news from all the colleges and the two high schools of the city. Marguerite Gutschow was appointed by the instructor to act as editor for the North Central news in this section, while the class elected Chester Ellis as associate editor. These two editors collect the news written by the students of the class,



THE NEWSWRITING CLASS

Front row, left to right: Bernadine Luther, Betty Pennell, Frances Pence, Marguerite Gutschow, Mildred Hansen, Kenneth Hall, and Arthur Torgerson.

Second row: Lydia Young, Marion Stack, Martha Mallory, Ruth Stone, Thelma LaFollette, and Chester Ellis.

Last row: Russel Danielson, Clarence Winger, Leonard LeGrant, Reg. Smith, Willard Duwe, Martin Jensen, Harold Anderson, Ernest Peterson, and W. J. Sanders, instructor.

edit it, and send it to "The Press" each Wednesday.

A recent requirement of the news-writing course is that each student shall have a feature story printed in some local paper or in "The Tamarack". Bernadine Luther, Martha Mallory, Marguerite Gutschow, Kenneth Hall, Martin Jensen, and Chester Ellis have had their stories printed in "The Review", while Reg. Smith, Arthur Torgerson, Ruth Stone, Thelma LaFollette, Clarence Winger, Frances Pence, and Harold Anderson have contributed theirs to "The Tamarack".

While taking up the study of feature story writing, the class has not neglected the straight news story. Up to date, the number of stories in print for the whole class is 417. Of these, the staff of "The Times" has covered 241 and "The Tribune", 176. The reporters who have had forty or more stories printed are as follows: Martin Jensen, editor of "The Times", 87; Kenneth Hall, 55; and Bernadine Luther, editor of "The Tribune", 51.

Many lectures by people experienced in newspaper work have been given, of which the following were perhaps the most instructive and interesting: Stoddard King, editorial and special writer for "The Review", on "The Feature Story and How to Write It"; Betty Baker, feature writer for "The Press", on "The Feature and Human Interest Story"; and Paul Neal, editorial writer for the "University of Washington Daily", on "How the University of Washington Daily is Edited".

—Clarence Winger, Jan. '17.

North Central Teacher Weds

During the Christmas vacation two North Central teachers left the worry and care of school life and embarked upon the seas of matrimony. D. J. Missimer, instructor in architectural drawing, was married December 28, 1916, at Homer, La., his former home, to Miss Annabelle Langston. Mr. Missimer taught last year at Mobile, Alabama. Mr. Missimer and his bride arrived in Spokane on Monday, January 8.



SPANISH CLUB

Front row, left to right: Sally Aldrin, Olive Johnson, Robert Green, Gladys Hutchins, Orlena Hammond, Esten Hackett.

Second row: Mildred Hoskins, Lloyd Buchanan, Olga Holm, Lois Allen, Myrtle Bradley, John Hutchins, and Walter Dryden.

Third row: Mortimer Saxton, Theodore Karn, Charles Nash, and George Francisco.

Back row: Horace Carpenter, Lorin Markham, and William Singer.

Absent members: Isabel Mather, Felix Caruso, Harold Hanley, and Anna Hughes.

Faculty members: Miss Broomhall, and Miss Gibson.

Club Learns Spanish Songs

Doce nuevos socios han sido admitidos al Club Espanol. Han senalado su entrada en el Club con mucho entusiasmo. Varios saini 'tes han sido presentado delante del Club y todos han hecho muy bien sus papeles. El Club ha aprindido tambien algunas canciones populares espanolas tal como "McGustan Todas", que cantan con much gusto. Tambien canian el himno nacional de America en espa-

nol y la proximo vez vamas a aprender "The Red and Black" y esperamos tambien hacer una traduccion buena de nuestra nueva cancion "North Central".

El Club ha abonado el diario "El Herald" que se publica todos los sabados en Nueva York. Este diario se hallara en la bibliotעה de la escuela donde todos los que se enteresan por el estudio del espanol pueden aprovecharse de el.



THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The members of the club as shown above are: Morton Baker, Charles Abraham, Gilbert Robinson, Lawrence Leveen, Elmer Armstrong, Russell Danielson, Ernest Chilberg, Eugene Cable, Donald Fitzgerald, Edwin Anderson, Lavelle Finkelson, Ford Dunton, Reg. Smith, Harold Hanley, Hugh Richardson, Nihil Angell, Ernest Ransome, Willard Duwe, Robert Heilly, Harold Anderson, and Mr. Roy Rhodes, director.

Engineering Society Active

The Engineering Society, under the direction of Mr. Roy Rhodes, has completed another successful term. The society is composed of thirty Junior and Senior boys interested in science and engineering. A meeting is held every Monday noon, when talks are given by club members and outside speakers on engineering, science, or other things of interest. Mr. Ira Davis gave an interesting talk on "Chemical Engineering", and Mr. D. J. Miss-

imer spoke on "Self-Support in College".

The society has taken several interesting trips during the term. Visits were made to the interlocking switch plant of the O.-W. R. & N. Ry., the Inland Empire Paper Company's factory at Millwood, the Spokane Dry Goods Company's plant, the Carstens Packing Company's establishment, and the Stanton Packing Company's packing house. Many of the members will be lost by graduation.

—Reg. Smith, June '17.



AGENDAS

Front row: William Greeves, Ed. Perry, Ely Fosdick, Al. Rogell, Glen Johnson, Hallam Nourse, and Heber Delworth.

Second row: Cyler Beaton, Frank Howard, Carrol Bond, Wallace Berch, Ed. Brewster, Elmer Andrews, and Arthur Dunphy.

Third row: Alden McMaster, Aubrey Hendricks, Farrel Low, Kenneth Pearson, Harry Quass, and Victor Jensen.

Back row: William Godfrey, Leland Upton, Wayne Hall, Verne Christie, Robert Irvine, Archie Bishop, and Earl Bectler.

Agendas Have New Director

The Agenda Club has a membership of thirty-four of the most promising boys in the Freshmen and Sophomore classes, each of whom is interested in some high school activity.

The club at present enjoys a feeling of pride in the attainments of Glen Johnson, Wayne Hall, Harry Quass, and Bob Irvine, who won their football letters this fall. It is just from such students as these that the Agenda Club draws its numbers.

Our Third Annual Banquet was held December 27 and was a great success. Glen Johnson acted as toastmaster,

and several toasts and musical numbers were enjoyed.

On December 1, about twenty of the club members, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Brewer, enjoyed a very pleasant box party at the Liberty Theatre.

Under the recently elected director, LeRoy A. Hunter, a North Central graduate, the Agenda Club is planning to take up a course in Business Economics. The members are all looking forward to this innovation in the club and assure Mr. Hunter of their co-operation.

(Continued on page 96.)



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ASK any of our customers just how pleased he is with his Suit or Overcoat.

Ask him how it is wearing, how the colors are holding; how it keeps its shape.

Ask him how he was treated at our store; how he was waited upon; how his interest and wishes were cared for; and whether we exhibited an equal interest long, long after the date of his purchase—or whether we simply dropped him from our sight and our memory the minute we had taken his money—ASK HIM.

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Drugs

Joyner Drug Co.
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McNab Drug Co.
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Engravers

Spokane American En-
graving Co.

Florists

Spokane Florist Co.

Fuel Dealers

Hawkeye Fuel Co.

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Forest Park Grocery.

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Spokane Hardware Co.
Vinther & Nelson.
Ware Bros. Hardware
Co.
Division Street Hard-
ware Co.

Hats and Caps

Black and White Hat
Shop.
Hat Box.

Jewelers

Sartori & Wolff.
Richard Schacht.

Ladies' Apparel

Rogell Specialty Shop.

Lunches

Sharrock's.
Mrs. Wilcox.
North Central Lunch
Room
Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria

Markets

A. & K. Market.
Economy Store.

Men's Furnishings

Brown's Mens Shop
L. R. Dolby.
Fogelquist Clothing Co.
Hayes & Woolley
Hart, Schaffner & Marx.
R. J. Hurd & Co.
I. X. L. Clothing Co.
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Vanity Fair.

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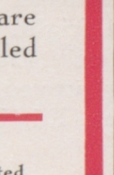
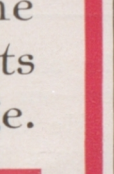
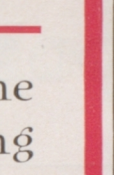
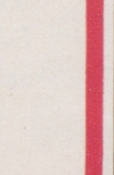
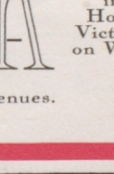
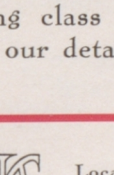
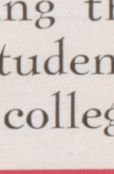
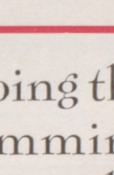
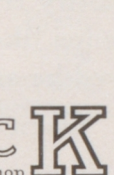
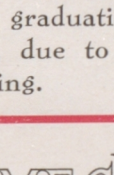
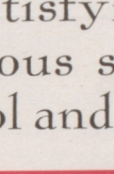
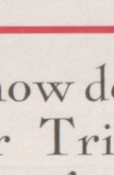
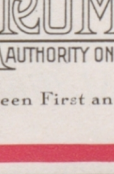
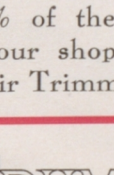
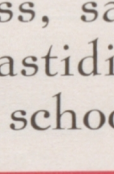
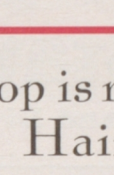
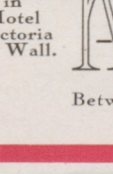
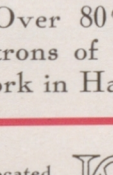
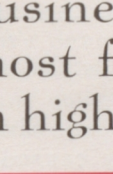
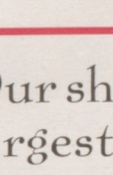
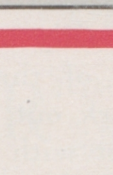
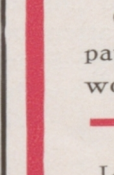
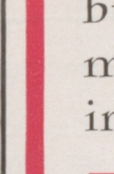
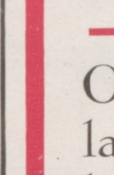
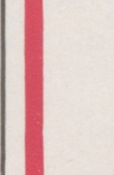
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Students!

You have read about the success of the big men in our commercial life. Practically all of them began as poor men, but every one of them were thrifty. When the time came to work out their big dreams they had established a credit with their bankers or wealthy friends because nothing inspires credit confidence like consistent saving even tho the amount saved be small.

Open a Savings account with us,

Spokane State Bank

Corner Nora and Division

Epitaphs of Some Seniors

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Here lies our president, Loris Henry. He died trying to put the class on a financial basis. | 5. Here lies Elvie Capps. Too much study caused her death. |
| 2. Here lies Ruth Stone. She died of stage fright. | 6. Here lies Ford Dunton. He died of too much attention. |
| 3. Here lies Florence Jacobsen. Dancing proved fatal. | 7. Here lies George Shannon—a bird man. He flew too high. |
| 4. Here lies Edwin Hughes. The | —Mildred Perry. |

Spokane's New Millinery Store

Is now ready to show the latest in seasonable Millinery; always the latest at the most reasonable price. Come in and get acquainted.

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Opposite the P. O.

In Spring Time a Young Man's Fancy Turns to Thoughts of Clothes

RIGHTLY SO. The young man appreciates the fact that while clothes do not make the man they go a long way toward the creation of public estimation. Brain power and business capacity being equal, the well dressed fellow gets ahead of the man with shabby appearance.

Correct dress does not imply excessive expense. A well fitted suit or overcoat can be bought as cheaply as the other kind and with as little trouble.

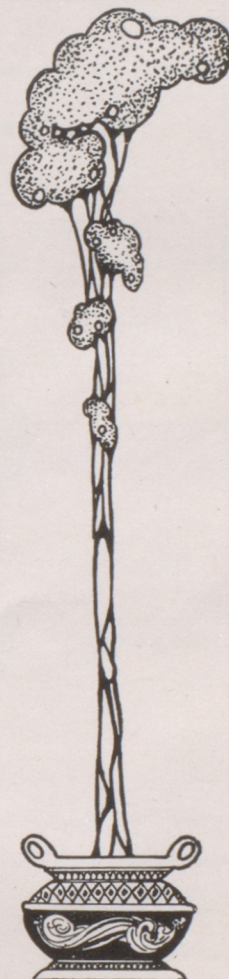
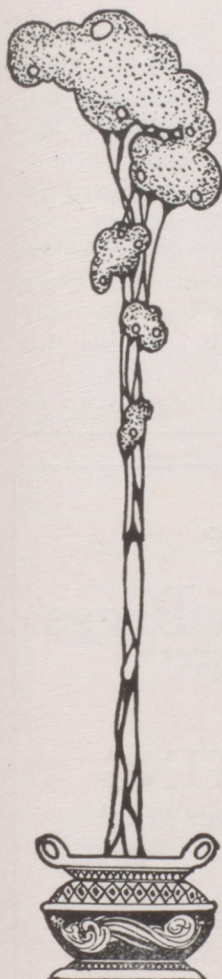
C. G. R. Clothes for young men are essentially correct. We specialize. We devote care and time to getting the right models, dependable fabrics and fashionable colors, and the fact that our business increases from year to year is evidence that our policy meets with the approval of the young men of Spokane High Schools.

We will continue to handle "Style-plus," Sam Peck and Kirschbaum young men's clothes.

\$15.00 \$17.00

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A new line will be added—L. System Clothes.



CULBERTSON, GROTE-RANKIN

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Spokane's Only Complete Department Store

FOOT SCHULZE SHOES

\$3.50 to \$6.00

English styles with leather or
Neolin soles.

"Out of the High Rent District"



TOMLINSON'S
INC.
MONROE at BROADWAY

All That Goes Up Must Come Down
(Continued from page 19.)

"Yes, I think she will," said Betty.

At fifteen minutes to eleven the car dropped them in front of Tom's home. "Here we are, mother," cried Tom.

"Welcome, Betty," said Mother Marine to Tom's companion.

"But, mother, I haven't told you her name. How did you know that it was Betty?"

"Oh, I've known Betty for a long time," answered mother with a smile.

"But—but—I—er—I don't get you," stammered Tom. "How does it happen that I haven't met her?"

"You have met her, Tom, dear," she returned. "You see, she is your cousin, and her name is Elizabeth Grainer. Had you not brought her to dinner, she would have been here anyway. I put her up to all this mischief."

Down tumbled Tom's castles in the

The Franklin Press

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∴

air. Explained was her easy familiarity at college, and Jack's stepping aside in his favor.

"The higher they fly, the harder they fall," murmured Tom, as he left the room and took a drink of water to help readjust his disordered mind.

J. C.: "I was worried almost to death this summer. I thought 'he' would have to go to Mexico."

W. B.: "Why, I should think you would be proud to have him serve his country."

J. C.: "Yes, but I was afraid he would get his arms shot off."

THE BIG STORE

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MAIN 2811

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GROCERIES, FRESH FRUIT, VEGETABLES, FRESH and SMOKED MEATS
BAKERY GOODS FROM OUR DAY LIGHT BAKERY. POULTRY
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SPOKANE

STEINWAY, WEBER AND OTHER
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PIANOS, VICTROLAS AND RECORDS

Dr. Neely Gets First "N. C."

The first "N. C." ever awarded at North Central High School was presented to Dr. John R. Neely, at the annual football convocation, December 18, 1916, by Principal R. T. Hargreaves.

In accepting the emblem, Dr. Neely declared with deep feeling that it was the proudest moment of his life.

"I am pleased," he said, "to see this change from the old style 'S' to the new 'N. C.', for while 'S' might stand for many things, 'N. C.' stands for North Central and means 'No Comparison', and 'we'll get them Next Semester'. I am proud to be able to wear this letter wherever I go."

Doctor Neely has been a warm friend of the school, and the student body showed their approval of the award by applauding for several min-

utes after he had concluded. The rest of the convocation was devoted to the presentation of letters to the members of the football, track, and tennis teams.

Seniors' Farewell

Here's farewell to the Senior's life,
To the school that proved so true;
To the ever-watchful faculty,
And the class advisor, too.

Here's good-bye to the Sophomores;
To the Freshies green and bold;
To all the picnics and good times
We treasure just like gold.

Oh! it's great to be a Junior,
And take up a Senior's care,
But it's best to be a Senior,
And become "Aluminum ware."
—Ex.

EVERY
SHIRT IS A
DOLLAR
SILK TIES
FIFTY
CENTS



722 RIVERSIDE AVENUE

A FULL
LINE OF
UNDERWR
and
ATHLETIC
GOODS

Two Pairs
Silk Fiber
Hose 25c

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We now have on exhibition for your inspection
only the very newest Advance Spring Models of
YOUNG MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS

Come up and see what the
New Styles will be like

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Take the Elevator, Save \$10

Over the Owl

RIVERSIDE ENTRANCE

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AND NORA AVENUE

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ICE**

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THE CAFETERIA OF
The Young Women's Christian Association
518 RIVERSIDE AVENUE

Invites you to take advantage of its service

Breakfast 7 to 9
Luncheon 11 to 2
Dinner 5 to 7

Rest, Reading and
Writing Rooms
Open All Day

Announcement!

Spring Dresses, Suits, Coats, Skirts and Blouses
are arriving daily. Exclusive styles at popular
prices.

524 Riverside

Rogell's Shop Opposite Whitehouse

"The Divine Valuation of a Human Tooth"

(Continued from page 43.)

for their souls. There is not anything
of so great importance to the man
himself as the consciousness of living
in harmony with God.

"If God requires so much for the
injury of a tooth, what will be require
of any who do him greater injury?
If God demands so much for the smit-
ing out of a tooth, what recompense
will a man make to God and himself
for the injury he does himself. We
are, to a great extent, our own keepers.
We are expected to make the very
best out of ourselves in body and mind
and soul."

If Ivanhoed the Bonny Brae;
And Athel stained his Tunic new;
And Friar Tucked his food away.
Oh, what did Rhoderic Dhu?



**D & M
ATHLETIC
GOODS**

**Best By Test
Of U. S. Govmt.**

Everything for the Gym

**Also
Sweaters
Skates
Skiis**

Special Rates to Students

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R. R. and Howard Street
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the value of tasteful, appropriate, classy printing, if you will place the work in our hands. We produce printed things that make a pleasing impression at first sight and hold the attention until the message is absorbed. Our price is always fair—our work beyond criticism.

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A. & K. Market (Inc.)

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STUDENTS:

Show your loyalty to your school by taking the "Tamarack" ad cards along when you go shopping; it is the only way we have of letting the advertiser know he is getting results.

SKATES and SHOES

Agents for
**NESTOR
JOHNSON**

John T. Little
HARDWARE CO.
110 Wash. St

Appearance Counts

If you are particular about the laundering of your linen and the cleansing of your clothing, call Main 6060—you will enjoy the service we give you.

I am your bosom friend,

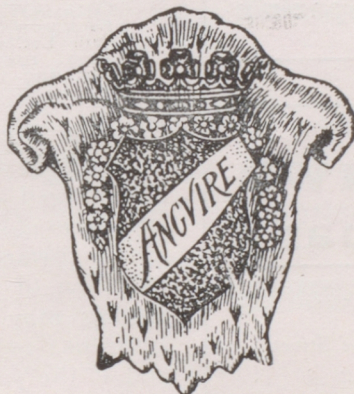
CRYSTAL LAUNDRY COMPANY

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Angvire

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Style
Workmanship
Quality



At the great National Convention in Cleveland,
Angvire's Exhibit received the highest
rating of any studio in the Northwest.

Fine Home-made Candies

Try Borg's Chili

BORG'S SWEET SHOP

122 Wall Street

**Hot or Cold
Lunches**

We Make Those
Famous - Banana - Specials

Early Dawn Dairy Company

Indiana Avenue and Stevens Street

DISTRIBUTORS of pure Milk and Cream from some of the best Inland Empire dairy farms. We are close to you and can give you good service as well as good Milk.

We also distribute the Deer Park Creamery Company's Sweet Cream, Butter, and a trial will convince you of its superior quality. Delivered in cartons.

Early Dawn Dairy Co.



THE BOYS BEHIND THE SCENES
Back row, left to right: Ervin Schalkle, Edwin LeClaire, and John Segessenman.
Front row: Harry Wiedeman, Willard Duwe, and Harold Anderson.

The Boys Behind the Scenes

The men behind the scenes in any play staged are largely responsible for its success. A good stage setting will go far toward getting and holding the attention of the audience, while a poor setting may ruin a good play. An actor has to live in his surroundings, and if the surroundings are not what they should be the act is impaired.

There is not a busier place in North Central than the stage. At first sight, the men there seem to be running aimlessly about, but on closer inspection each one is seen to be working in unison with the rest. Success in theatrical work is dependent on stage specialists—stage manager, fly boss, electrician, scenic artists, property man, and stage carpenter.

If one opens the stage door, a remark such as this may be heard: "Slap a little of that yellow on here, you boob." Six men may be seen

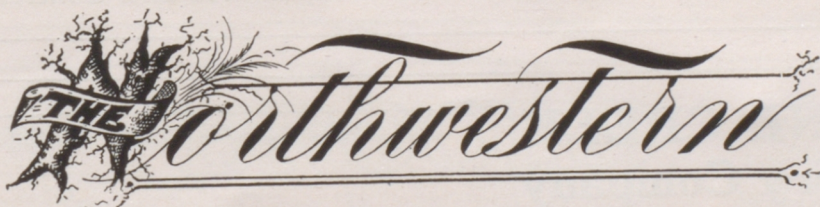
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¶ You should take a course in Shorthand or Bookkeeping before going to college.

¶ Our courses are so arranged that one may enter any time.

¶ We have no trouble in placing our graduates because they are thoroly trained.

¶ Be sure to visit us and ask for demonstration on latest Burroughs Bank Bookkeeping Machine—the only one in a Business College in the West.



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Basket Arrangements
Corsages
Gifts for the Graduates

*If From Us It Will Be
Correct*

Spokane Florist Co.

PHONE MAIN 5

513 RIVERSIDE AVE. MOHAWK BLK.

busily employed, but not one looks as if he knows what he is doing.

Edwin LeClaire and Harry Wiedeman are sitting on the floor, splashing yellow paint over some squares of canvas. John Seggessenman is in one corner, practicing with the lights; while Harold Anderson is in one of the wings, making a canvas door. Ervin Schalkle is in the "fly coop", adjusting the curtain to the required level. Willard Duwe is the stellar attraction, having the dignified title of Stage Manager.

The following men made the scenery and setting for the Senior A Class play: Willard Duwe, stage manager; Edwin Le Claire, assistant stage manager and scenic artist; Harry Wiedeman, scenic artist; John Seggessenman, electrician; Harold Anderson, stage carpenter, and Ervin Schalkle, property man.

—Harold Anderson, Jan. '17.

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ENTRANCE HYDE BLOCK



The Best in the City

For Ladies and Gentlemen

PINE CREEK Dairy Company

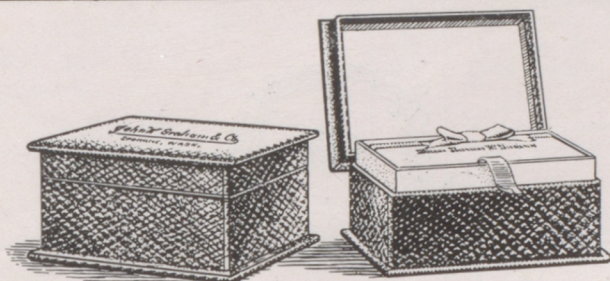
168 South Division St.
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Pure Milk is the best and cheapest food on the market today. Our MILK is PURE.

THE NUT BRIGADE

February 9, 1917

(Paid Advertisement)



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Select from the Most Perfect Script \$2.00
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A Complete Social Stationery Engraving Plant on our premises

Place orders in the Stationery Department—First Floor

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If Its Made of Paper We Have It.

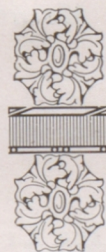
707-709-711 Sprague Ave. 708-710-712 First Ave.



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If there were any better shoes for
the money we'd sell them.

SHUART'S
WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP
"The Shop Ahead"
719 Riverside Avenue



Mission Sweets

715 W. SPRAGUE AVE.

The right road to satisfaction is the road that leads to the
MISSION

Candies
Lunches

Ice Cream
Punch

Meet Me at

Gus. Hanches Co.

407 MAIN (Opposite Kemp & Hebert)

For the CANDIES You Like

Ice Cream and all the Concoctions of the Fountain

"The Friend of the Fellows"

Stolen Music

(Continued from page 21.)

A moment later he stood beside the instrument he loved so much. There they were as of old—two long rows of shining, tempting keys. He touched one ever so gently, with a loving caress, and a single bell-like sound rang forth. What had he done! He sprang back, trembling with fear. Just then a firm hand was laid on his shoulder, and a tall, dark man gazed into his face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, in a soft, rich voice.

"I only wanted to see it just once. Truly that is all. It was so beautiful, and I—I—," the voice broke into sobs.

"Yes," said the man, "I saw you. Do you play that?"

The boy shook his head. "I think I could, if I tried," he ventured.

Buy at a Reliable Clothing Store

NOW more than ever
you must buy your
clothing where you are
sure of a square deal.

We have a bigger stock
than ever of **YOUNG
MEN'S CLOTHES.**



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RIVERSIDE at STEVENS ST.

Spokane's Popular Price Shoe Store

Spokane's Popular Prices Shoe Store

for the masses is establishing
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Style---Price---Service

In style we give you the season's newest while they are new.

In price we give you the very lowest that we possibly can and be consistent with good shoes.

In service our salesforce is second to none and we insure you a perfect fit.

EYLLER Shoe Company

818 RIVERSIDE AVENUE

Spokane's Popular Price Shoe Store

"Let's see, then!"

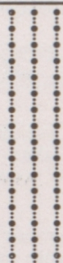
It was an hour later that a young man pushed the heavy curtains aside, to find a tall, dark man and a fair-haired boy with eyes strangely alike, clinging to each other.

"Why, mein Herr, what have we here?" he cried.

"My friend," the dark man answered, his eyes aglow, "this is my son, David, of whom you have never heard, as it was a subject on which I never spoke. When I was very young, I married a girl who was dearer than life to me. I was called away very suddenly, and when I returned she was dead. They accused me of breaking her heart. So I left my son in the care of his aunt and traveled abroad. This summer I returned, little expecting to find the boy I had left in the cottage across the way.

Goldsmith's Gymnasium Suits

**We Have North
Central Colors**



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S P O K A N E
Hardware Co., 516 Riverside Ave.

WE ARE FULLY EQUIPPED

in our Factory at 10 Wall Street, Spokane, Washington, to make to entire satisfaction, your Class and Frat Pin. Let us submit designs and estimates.



Sartori & Wolff
MAKERS OF FINE JEWELRY
10 WALL ST.

This afternoon I found him craving for that which I, too, love so much. From now on he belongs to me, and all his ambitions shall be gratified.

The next summer the flowers bloomed in the old-fashioned garden as before, and the robin again coaxed his babies to fly. But whether the old gray cat had a supper or not did not depend on David, for from the large, white house a sound of melody was ringing forth. The tall, dark man did not play alone.

Miss Evans: "John, get up and recite on today's lesson."

J. Bulmer: "I can't."

Miss Evans: "Did you study your lesson last night?"

J. Bulmer: "Yes'm."

Miss Evans: "What did you study?"

J. Bulmer: "My Algebra."

J. H. MOWER

R. D. FLYNNE

Mower & Flynnne DEPARTMENT STORE

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, and Notions
Ladies' Wearing Apparel

IRISH LINEN IMPORTERS

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Intersecting Monroe and Riverside

Mower and Flynnne are delighted with the arrival of five large cases of beautiful Irish Linens direct from Ireland at 1914 prices; also the biggest and best stock of fine dress goods and silks that they have ever had in the house.

School girls see us for fine serges at low prices.

What Are Your Plans For the Future?

*Do They Make Allow-
ance For a Possibility That
You Must Earn Your Own Living ? ? ? ?*

PLAN with the idea that upon the completion of your course of study, that you will be prepared to accept work as a bookkeeper or stenographer, or private secretary, and that you will be in a position to command a higher salary than would have been possible without that training.

When you enroll in The Blair Business College you are

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through our Free Employment Bureau.

There are paths leading from our school to Spokane's leading business houses, its banks railroad offices, the city hall, the court house, law offices, the Spokesman-Review or Chronicle, the government building, or civil service positions at Washington D. C., or elsewhere.

Already this month we have had over twenty-five calls for bookkeepers and stenographers, and this demand will continue through the year. There is no use of your wasting your time trying to get a business position without first becoming qualified to hold one.

It will take you from six to nine months to be prepared. The cost will be from \$70.00 to \$90.00.

School will be in session all year. Arrange to begin a course February first and be ready for a position by July or the early fall---when other young people will be just starting to school. It means from \$300.00 to \$600.00 to you.

THE BLAIR BUSINESS COLLEGE

H. C. BLAIR, President

Cor. First Ave. and Madison St.

Phone Main 405





YOU can generally tell our made-to-measure garments. They are so different. We could clothe three thousand men and no two would wear the same fabric.

GREIF & HILL

Spokane's only
Young Men's Tailors

SUITE 205

GRANITE BLOCK

The Story of Vic Hory

(Continued from page 17.)

strength was telling. Gibbs was weakening. With a supreme effort he broke loose and pinned the little, writhing, pitching form of his would-be slayer to the ground. Gasping for breath, he held him for a moment. When he felt he could hold him no longer, the door of the cabin opened. A broad stream of light fell on the two men as they lay struggling with desperate fierceness.

At a glance Pete took in the situation. He raced to the barn, brought a hobble rope, and finally with Gibbs' help he tied the Frenchman securely. Together they carried him into the house and tied him to a chair. "Go get Jim Maloney, Pete. He's safe enough now," said Gibbs, nodding toward the chair where sat Hory, sullen and angry.

A few minutes later the hired man came with a neighbor, young Jim Maloney. Gibbs met him at the door.

"What you been celebrating down here, Gibbs," asked Maloney.

"Several things, to my notion. Go in, Jim, and ask the little fool what he thinks he wants. He may talk to you."

"What's up, Hory? What you been trying to do? You crazy?"

"I tink I keel heem, beeg club. Dat six-shooter, dat for Andreole. I keel heem too. Not now, some day though. I get 'em yet! I get 'em yet!"

"Why, the little fool! That's enough, Gibbs. Better sew up your face, hadn't you? Pretty bad cut," calmly remarked the newcomer.

After the wound was washed and dressed, they sat around the fire till nearly dawn, when they hitched up and drove to Deer Lodge with their prisoner.

(Continued on page 84.)



Hats Off Gentlemen

Miss Margaret Ellis
Wins the \$2

Here's a the winning limerick;—

A short little fellow named Kittim
Had a rival who sought to outwit him,
But in spite of his size
Shorty captured the prize;
For at Quality Corner they fit him.

YOU might win next month's prize—send in a limerick about
Quality Corner and see. Any student of N. C. is eligible.

Send yours in by February 6th.

HAYES & WOOLLEY CO.

"Quality Corner"

Spring is Coming!

Get Ready for Spring Tonics

McNab Drug Co.

Hazelwood



Satisfaction is always found in using
Hazelwood Pasteurized Milk and
Cream in the family.

Give it a trial and let us demon-
strate its wholesomeness as a food
product.

HOLSUM BREAD

The Bread with
the Flavor that
satisfies.



Spokane Bakery
Company
Broadway and Post Street
SPOKANE

For~~~

Fine Candies
Good Cigars
and Stationery

PRESCRIPTIONS
Our Specialty

W. E. SAVAGE
DRUGGIST

01823 Monroe St.

Phone Max. 289

The Story of Vic Hory (Continued from page 82)

At the trial Hory confessed as before. The sentence was two years at hard labor in the state penitentiary.

On a fall day in '78, Gibbs and Andreole stood in the corral at the Gibbs place. Between them was Strawberry Jim, rubbing his nose softly against Gibbs' shoulder.

"Who's that?" asked Andreole, pointing to a cloud of dust in the road.

"Vic Hory got out day before yesterday," casually remarked the older man.

"What you going to do about it?"

"Nothing. Leave him alone. I think he'll behave. The drink was what started it before. They say that he's quit that now."

"Had to. Guess they didn't serve that in the pen."

Just before he turned under the hill and out of sight of the two men, Hory heard Gibbs laugh and say, "Poor devil! I've often felt sorry for him, and if he keeps to his side of the road I'll keep to mine and we'll let him alone, want we, Strawberry?"

Years passed and, as Gibbs said, they kept to their own sides of the road. Each lived peaceably in his cabin in the valley, and after many years this little story was forgotten by the people round about. Hory lived to do many good deeds, for which he is now tenderly remembered. Israel Gibbs died as he had lived, a wise man, fair and just in his dealings with his fellows, the most esteemed man of the community.

Boarding House Keeper: "It looks like rain today, doesn't it?"

Boarder (looking at coffee the housekeeper just brought in): "Yes, it does, but it has a faint odor of coffee."

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT THE I. X. L.



This month we are making a cleanup in our Overcoat Department

\$30.00 Overcoats \$24.45
\$25.00 Overcoats \$20.45
\$20.00 Overcoats \$16.95
\$15.00 Overcoats \$12.45

The I. X. L. CLOTHING CO.

PAULSEN BUILDING

RIVERSIDE and STEVENS

You will eventually go to

LUTHER'S

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\$5.00
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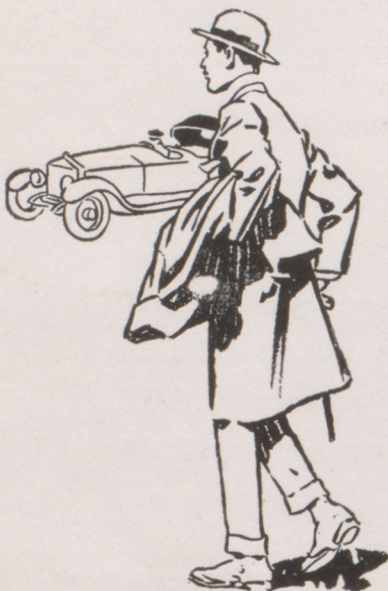
*A Profusion of the New
Spring Models in*

Young Men's English Shoes

is shown by

The Rogers Shoe Co.

408 Riverside Ave.



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Right Clothes for Every Occasion



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
CLOTHES SHOP

Senior A's Twelve "Best Sellers"

1. "The Man Who Laughs": George Shannon.
2. "Vanity Fair": Morton Baker.
3. "The Vicar of Wakefield": Chester Ellis.
4. "The Man on the (Soap) Box": Ford Dunton (making speeches in convocation).
5. "The Little Minister": Cecil Fenstermacher.
6. "The Goose Girl": Aimee Lord.
7. "The Doctor": Leon Wheaton.
8. "The Man in Lower Ten": Clinton Sohns (anywhere from 10 to 0).
9. "The Sweet Girl Graduate": Hilda Horn.
10. "The Girl of the Lost Limber": Ruth Stone.
11. "Great Expectations": Margaret Mumm.
12. "Our Mutual Friend": Loris Henry.

*"There's many a sip twixt
the cup and the lip."*

When the cup is filled with
the delicious Hot Chocolate,
Hot Bouillons or delicious
Ice Cream Sodas.



Served at

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Fone Main 1303

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DAVENPORT PAGE

Demert Drug and Chemical Co.
"QUALITY"

MAGI-KOS AGENTS
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

Perfumes, Toilet Waters, and
Traveling Accessories

Corner Davenport Hotel
Phone 1939

*For Clean Sport and
Muscular Development*

DAVENPORT

Bowling Alleys

*Davenport Hotel
Building*



Keep the profits from your investments in
Spokane.

Buy your piano, Player Piano or Edison
Diamond Disc from

Fason Piano Co.

836 First Avenue, Davenport Hotel

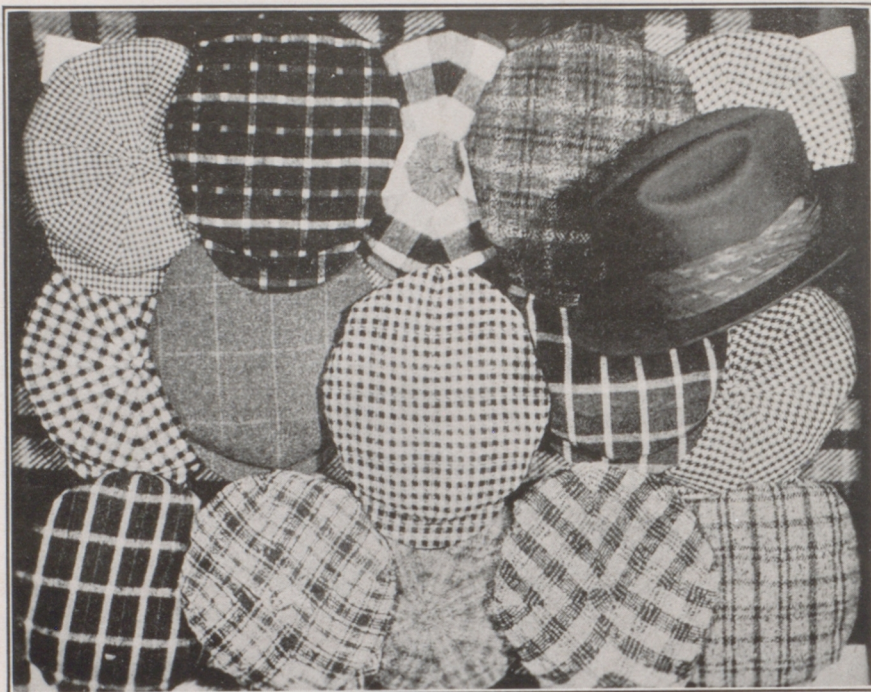
You will get more for your money.

[We always have a good Piano to rent.]

Brown's Mens Shop

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FIRST OF THE NEW CAPS 1917



BLACK AND WHITE HAT SHOP

Young Men's Overcoats



The Stein-Bloch Co. 1916

"Knitex"

The new 3-4
Model

The Top Coat
for all occasions.
Light and warm
and will hold its
shape in all
weathers.

For sale at the

Fogelquist Clothing Co.



The Conservation of Vision

Should interest every
thoughtful individual.

My time is devoted ex-
clusively to this work.

Optometrical problems
solved.

"Bring your eyes to me"

J. WOLFF, Spokane's Leading
Optometrist
N. 14 WALL STREET

We Would Like

*to show you our line of
Gent's English Shoes.*

*Dull Calf, \$4.50
and \$5.00.*

Tan \$5.50

NETTLETON'S
North 614 Monroe

The School System of Spokane is equipped with the Diamond
Individual Towel System,

"THE LITTLE TOWEL ON THE WIRE"

WHY?

Because it combines the BEST and most ECONOMICAL ser-
vice obtainable. You can get this service in your store or fac-
tory by calling the **SPOKANE TOILET SUPPLY CO.**

HIGHLAND 1278

**Christmas Time
Is Over!**



Buying of unnecessary goods has stopped.
Come in and buy what you need in the
Hardware or Furniture line.

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Phone Max. 3473

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FREE DELIVERY

W. T. HAYS

Suits and Overcoats

\$20 to \$45

Spring and Summer Woolens
Now on Display



Room 310 and 311 Peyton Bldg.
Phone M. 1943

Song of the Senior

1. I will extol thee, O Teacher; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not let my books triumph over me.
2. O chum, I cried unto thee and thou hast relieved me.
3. O pony, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down into the pit by flunking.
4. Sing unto the Principal, all ye students of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his leniency.
5. For his anger endureth but a moment; and in his favour is life.
6. Teacher, by thy favour thou hast made my bluff to stand strong.
7. Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast softened the wrath of thy examinations, or hast guided me into the path of exemptions.
8. To the end that my graduation might sing praise to thee and not be silent, I will give thanks unto thee, forever.

—Leonard G. LeGrant.

Graduation Night

*Senior girls in white;
Senior boys with smiling eyes,
Feeling mighty big and wise.
Freshie, stifling hopeless sighs,
Sees the wondrous sight.*

*Orations true and sound;
Diplomas handed round;
Senior Class no longer is;
Passed to restfulness and bliss.
Ah, what wondrous joy is this
By the Seniors found!*

—Bernadine Luther.

From the Senior Class

Everybody's Friend: Loris Henry.
Senior Sunbeams: Leonard LeGrant,
Lena Hedricks, Maybelle Irvine,
and Berandine Luther.

The Man Behind: George Shannon.
Senior Suffragettes: Ruth Stone, and
Martha Mallory.

Make Own Graduation Dresses

Clippity! clippity! clip! sound the scissors in the busy sewing rooms of North Central High School, as they aid 56 girls in the advanced sewing classes in putting the finishing touches on garments they have been making for the past several months. Miss Mary Hamilton, Miss Pansy Olney, and Miss Frances Wilson are the instructors and the splendid results have been obtained not only by the earnestness of the girls, but also by the interest and patience the teachers have exercised while hanging many skirts, fitting, ripping, and giving general help. The costumes are of many varieties in style and color, all of which are made strictly according to the latest fashion plates.

Many school dresses seen in the halls of North Central have been made at school. Many winter coats and hats have traveled from the sewing room to the streets, where they are worn by high school girls. School sewing will also be represented at the commencement exercises in January, for many Senior girls have made their own graduation dresses.

Including all classes about 126 girls at North Central take sewing. Ruth Parrish, a member of the advanced class, is putting an extra amount of work on a black taffeta dress, by embroidering a French design around the bottom, in the front and back, and on the cuffs and collar. Several girls who graduated from the advanced class last year are making sewing a profession. There are also some who intend going on with this work after they graduate, of whom Frances Pope, a Senior, is one. Zella Melcher is already making use of her training. She is a milliner at "The Vogue" on Saturdays.

—Frances Pence.

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The Antlers

Mr. Rhodes Takes Bride

Roy Rhodes, of the Manual Training department, was married Friday, December 29, 1916, to Miss Agnes E. Stearns, of Lewiston, Idaho. Mr. Rhodes and his bride are at home in the Garry Apartments.

New Year Resolutions

1. Bernice Stusser swore off going to the library with L. W. (for one period).
2. Edwin Hughes swore off "fussing" Enid Davies.
3. Clinton Sohns swore off wearing bright colored hosiery.
4. Esther Hocking resolved to diet.
5. "Cop" Daniels resolutely lengthened his speeches half an hour each.
6. "Peggy" Ross swore off being "bossy".
7. Robin Cartwright swore off trying "to stump" his teachers.

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PHONE EXCHANGE

The Library—A Glance Backward

(Continued from page 52.)

denced by the fact that she has been honored with membership in various committees of the state and national educational associations in the past few years, and has had articles published in several issues of "Education".

The library is open to the students of the night school, as well as to the general public, from seven o'clock until nine-fifteen on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights. Books may be drawn out only by those holding enrollment slips in the night school. Miss Fargo is in charge, and she will be glad to aid all in finding whatever they may need.

Mr. Rice (in harmony): "I didn't sleep a bit last night. 'Pocahontas' was running all over my bean."

Cecil F.: "Did she scar it up?"

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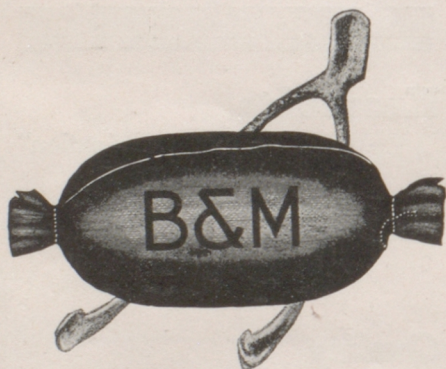
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Hashers, "Booga" Rogell, Aubrie Hendricks, Charles Abraham.



Tamale Grotto

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Agendas Have New Director

(Continued from page 59.)

The Agenda Club has entered upon a most auspicious year, as all indications prove. The younger boys of North Central no longer stand back and let organizations composed of older students take the lead in high school activities, but are fast becoming the real "doers" and leaders, themselves.

A father had just finished giving a disobedient son a thrashing. The son angrily exclaimed "I'll get even with you."

The father, much taken back at this said: "When you grow up will you lick your poor, old Dad?" "No," replied the son, "but I'll lick the stuffing out of his grandchildren."

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This store with its cash selling system, its splendid buying advantages, is in a position to sell you not only stylish but reliable apparel at a liberal saving.

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